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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price Ten Cents.



THE SIDEWALK BALL.

HOW THE TAINTED BEAUTIES OF THE PAVE AMUSE THEMSELVES AND A SELECT AUDIENCE WITH A FREE PANDANGO, WHILE THE HIGH TONED REVELLERS MAKE THINGS LIVELY INSIDE; NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

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With No. 285 of the
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which will be published on Feb. 27, 1883, we shall present, free, a superb supplement sheet, 33x10 in., suitable for framing, giving pictorial illustration of the last round of each fight in the prize ring career of the world's famous pugilist, Tom Sayers. This we promise shall be the most perfect specimen of the engraver's art yet issued from the POLICE GAZETTE establishment, which has already won a high reputation for superb work. The demand for No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE with which this superb supplement is to be given away will be, undoubtedly, very great, and therefore the increase of orders of agents and subscribers should be sent in early.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

The biggest thing yet. The grand supplement to be given free with No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE, on Feb. 27.

We point with pride to this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. It is worthy of its high reputation in every department. Wealth and magnificence do not deteriorate or enervate our style. We are still the same.

ALL this talk and bribery among the New York theatre managers to stave off investigation, is going to come to a climax pretty soon in another grand disaster. There'll be another grand roasting and then no one will be to blame as usual.

THE St. Louis father is easily satisfied. When a girl comes back after a week's absence, all she has to do is to say she was abducted by wicked men for a ransom and escaped as good as new. The old man believes and everything is lovely. Evidently the young woman of the period is getting intellectually, and otherwise, beyond the daddies of our day. She's too fly altogether.

THAT old woman Bergh is still busy poking his nose into affairs that do not concern him. Why in the name of all that is merciful doesn't the old anatomy translate itself to the celestial bone yard, or rattle his joints in climbing the golden stairs. We'll bet he'll go fooling around there insisting that they put up fire escapes and things, until Peter gets mad and fires him out altogether. Oh, there's no living with that old man—an angel couldn't do it.

Those bad, bad men in St. Louis wanted Freddie to go out and fight a duel, but the Lily hid him behind her skirts and called for the police—and so Freddie was saved. The Lily threatens to go home disgusted. Very good. We'll be even with her then, for she will leave us in the same frame of mind. But when she goes what will she do without Freddie. Perhaps she will take him along. Good. That would be fun—the meeting between Mr. Langtry and Freddie. Then we would have something to spread ourselves on.

TOM SAYERS' battles illustrated in the immense supplement to be given away with No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE, out Feb. 27.

FREDDIE GEBHARD weakened and ran home, appearing in his old haunts in New York, on January 23. When newspaper reporters of St. Louis got at him and insisted that he should fight on the principle of the alleged gentleman, he lit out and left the Lily to protect herself. Perhaps, though, Freddie has taken our advice and has come back to seek counsel of us as to challenging his insulting opponent, the St. Louis Confederate Colonel. If he call, we shall simply reiterate our former advice, that he put up a forfeit, and name a stake—say \$2,500 a side; that would be a neat figure for the affair and worth fighting for. What says Freddie? Is it a go? Are we to publish the challenge, or is he to take water?

A NEW YORK dramatic critic who is prowling around actresses' dressing rooms all his spare time goes into ecstasies over the completeness with which an actress "fills out her tights." And it transpires that the actress wears the most liberal pads. Why we knew that all along and we're moral and don't frequent the coulisses or the dressing rooms. We think that young critic must have been throwing away all his golden opportunities, since he gives such evidences of ignorance on theatrical subjects.

A FREE gift to our subscribers. Look out for it. The grand supplement illustrating each of the prize fights of Tom Sayers, with a fine central portrait of the great pugilist. Given free with No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE, out Feb. 27th.

THIS world bristles with fools—the number is astounding. The bunco men are making fortunes all around us, and blackmailers find no difficulty in getting rich victims. Notwithstanding the POLICE GAZETTE is here, all alive, brilliant, saucy and aggressive, spreading light on all sides, still the suckers bite—still the crook scoops. Indeed, in the words of Sir Peter Teazle, "This is a damned bad world we live in," and there's no use in dreaming of the millennium in such a wretched place, even through the efforts of the POLICE GAZETTE. There will be suckers right on and it's hopeless, the task of abolishing the breed.

THE Ohio farmer when he accumulates a boodle first deposits it in a bank which bursts and leaves him in a hole. Then he goes to work again, accumulates another big stake and this time buys a fire and burglar proof safe to keep his treasures in. Then along comes the masked burglar of the period (generally a shiftless neighbor of his) who tortures him until he gives up the combination and turns over his wealth to the stranger. There's no chance to get wealthy in farming in Ohio unless you are the masked burglar yourself. The farmers are beginning to drop to this fact.

THE typical "good fellow" of the day is panning out quite badly nowadays. There was a certain one of them—a Mr. Andrews, who was at the head of the Haverly gang a few seasons, who went to San Francisco with flying colors last fall, and after running a theatre there until two or three weeks ago, disappeared, leaving a whole company minus salaries, and rendering the air with a grand diapason of damns in musical and unmusical key. Oh, Mr. Haverly has done much for the drama, he has—especially in the way of introducing "good fellows" into it.

THE news from Europe is to the effect that Hans Von Bulow and another celebrated pianist, have gone off their nut and have been lodged in an insane asylum. If this is the effect of piano music on the player, imagine the effects likely to result to those who have to hear—especially those who live in neighborhoods where young ladies are permitted to paw ivory at their sweet will at all hours of the day and night. If those penal code fellows had been philanthropists they would have included pianos in their repulsive stations. Won't some kind preacher, though, give us a mushy sermon on this question, urging young women to reform and declaring that no female who employs such an instrument of torture will be considered eligible to bear a harp and perform solos on it in the heavenly orchestra? Really, something must be done and we are not above using even the "guff" and hypocrisy of old holy Joe himself, much as we despise him and his hypocritical class if by such means we can abate this nuisance.

THIS is an American Journal, with all American instincts and many American prejudices, and those who act on any other belief in treating with us will find themselves badly left. We believe in giving an impulse to sports, and are willing to spend our money liberally to do it. If we hunt over the world to find an antagonist fit to face the young Bostonian, Sullivan, it proves simply that our professions are genuine, and that we indeed, intend to settle the world's championship. We believe in the good old motto, "May the best man win," and that Sullivan has proven himself the best man so far is surely no cause for our regret. We have afforded the chance for the American champion to prove his worth, and have lost some money on it. We have taken our loss gallily, and not a tinge of chagrin has entered into our treatment of the situation. We can afford to do justice to Sullivan, and even to feel in some measure the satisfaction he and his thousands of friends enjoy in each of his successive victories. This generous and just sentiment may be a paradox to the meaner natures of our illiberal critics, but so it is. The POLICE GAZETTE is square, sound and solid on the American question every time and those who report the contrary, to put our indignation in polite phrase, "labor under a lie."

JEM MACE and the Maori giant Slade have made their triumphal passage across the continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic with great eclat, and have stirred up an excitement and an interest in ring affairs that is astounding to those ignorant people who don't understand the power of the POLICE GAZETTE. We have set the ball rolling again over the field of sports, and we promise that this time it shall go even farther than before; see if it doesn't. We're talking; and there's always something in our talk, as the public that has had confidence in us and has never been deceived yet, well knows.

No wonder sailors are superstitious. The seas are not only full of dangers and mysteries, and the rule of signs and omens has, in their lives, ten chances to one of being verified. Hence these prejudices against Friday as a day for starting on a journey, the ominous language of Mother Carey's chickens, and the back luck in turning back after a voyage has been once begun. Now comes a new and terrible verification of the childish terrors of the sturdy tars. The German steamer Cimbria began her voyage badly. She ran aground shortly after starting from Hamburg, was delayed and turned back, and at last when she got well into the stormy ocean was run down and sank in a few moments, carrying hundreds of the passengers and crew with her. What wonder that poor Jack is superstitious and is oppressed by the "bagaboos" of childhood?

THE religious cheats people—the Hallelujah crowd—the Salvation Army mob of howlers, have taken to the law in Jersey. The shriekers of the streets have taken offence at a sermon preached against them by the Rev. Mr. Pelle-treau, of Newark, who characterized them as "religious rowdies" and said their show was "worse than the Bowery Theatre." They think they have been damaged in their spotless reputation (two of them), to the amount of \$5,000 each and have sued the parson for that amount. We knew these too good angels would come within our province and get to slogging each other shortly, and we're ready to furnish a championship medal to the most holy faction that knocks the other angelic host out. It is evidently going to be a heaven with all the modern improvements that these reformed angels are going to give us, including a celestial ring and angelic slogging matches. Of course, under the circumstances they can't do without a POLICE GAZETTE in such a heaven; so we are let in by a large majority. Now, when these saints work up their theology to the fighting point they're getting religion right up to our standard. We can take an interest in a religion in which there is slogging, and where we bet on the results of the angelic "scraps" and offer POLICE GAZETTE medals to revive religion, and encourage theological champions. These religious sparring have made us happy in assuring our future state.

Look out for No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE, which will be out Feb. 27. It will be accompanied by the largest pictorial supplement, fit for framing, ever given with a newspaper.

THE editors and reporters of all the papers, apropos of a recent alarm of fire in a New York theatre, are all reading the public lessons on what to do when they find themselves in a burning theatre. The drift of their advice is to the effect that in case of fire the audience should at once sit down and keep their seats. If any one refuse to remain seated and should try to get out, a policeman should seize him by the throat and thrust him back. This was the theory they worked on at the Brooklyn Theatre fire. The audience after the first alarm were partly lured back to their seats by assurances from the stage that there was no danger. There were three hundred and odd victims to this theory, and yet the same management keeps it up. It is more than ridiculous! Our advice to the man who is in a burning theatre is to skip. We shall rush if we find ourselves in such danger, and the policeman or usher who attempts to thrust us back to await the coming of the flames may find our panic such as to make us dangerous to handle. These people who are so eager to thrust an audience back in their seats instead of throwing the doors open to them, should be sat upon. The fact is that managers care more for the reputation of their theatres than they do for the lives of their audiences. They will take any risks rather than dismiss an audience with the acknowledgment that there is or has been the least danger. If we smell smoke in a theatre we prefer to believe our olfactories rather than the words of a manager. They all lie, and they come out especially strong when there's an alarm of fire. When you smell smoke therefore "get up and get" and let the manager harangue you on the sidewalk and prove you the safety of his house without staking your life on the truth of his assertions. That's good common sense advice of the kind that we use for ourselves.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

THE moon, like some men, is brightest when it is full.

AN American President's pay—\$50,000 a year and bored.

IT is a cold day when the mercury gets left in the bulb.

ANY Jeweller can transform a ten-cent piece into a dime and pin.

MINING projects are out of favor. People are sick of the hole business.

DON'T swear off, young fellow. Swearing off is no good. If you mean business just quit.

THE toothless man ought to be a sweet talker for all his words must of necessity be gum drops.

THE hardest thing in the world is not to feel that the lie told about your neighbor is the truth.

IT is not enough to remember the poor. Give them something to make them remember you.

A YOUNG man in New York who was rejected by an actress carried off her ulcer. He should have been satisfied with the "sack" she gave him.

ANOTHER "largest telescope in the world" has just been erected. It brings the moon so close that the man can be distinctly heard yelling, "Don't shoot."

A MAN who has happened to have a good deal of experience says: "Stand anywhere but four feet to the left of a woman when she hurls an old bottle at a hen."

THEY are going to reduce the tariff, take the tax off matches and bring false hair down so low that it will be cheap enough to put in mince pies as well as hash.

"ALWAYS Save a Kiss for Mamma" is the title of the latest song. In the case of Papa, however, it would be better to save a couple of ham sandwiches and a bottle of beer.

A MAN who crossed the Atlantic for the first time said he did not think he was much of a sailor at starting, but when he was one day out he felt as if he could heave up the anchor.

BRIGIAM YOUNG's grave is utterly neglected and his widows never visit it. They went there once to cry over his remains, but it made the ground so sloppy that all caught cold.

MRS. REGULARITY has become so accustomed to retire punctually at ten o'clock, that all you have to do is to set the clock a couple of hours ahead to put her fast asleep at eight P. M.

STUDENT (not very clear as to his lesson): "That's what the author says, any way." Professor: "I don't want the author; I want you!" Student (de-sparingly): "Well, you've got me!"

"THERE is no man," said the poet Whittier on his seventy-fifth birthday, "who ought to write much after he is seventy." Mr. Whittier is correct, except in cases where the girl will agree positively to destroy the letters.

"I DUNNO a heap 'bout poultry," said old Uncle Pete when they were discussing the question of the day up at the market: "but de sweetest chicken I've ever eat was drawn. It was drawn froo de winter ob a chicken house in de dark ob de moon."

A MAN was found dead on the floor of his room at the Merriweather Hotel, Frankfurt, the other morning. He had blown out the gas. "Sad affair," said the landlord, speaking of the event. "I should say it was! Over one thousand feet of gas escaped!"

A GEORGIA couple waited over four years for a good opportunity to elope, and just as it came the girl's father took the young man by the hand and said, "Speak up to her, Thomas. I know she loves you, and I'd be tickled to death to have you for a son-in-law."

"THAT man is a phrenologist." "A phat?" asked Pat puzzled. "Why, a man that can tell, by feeling of the bumps on your head, what kind of a man you are." "Bumps on me head, is it?" exclaimed Pat. "Begorra, then, I should think it would give him more of idea phat kind of a woman me wife is!"

NOTHING annoys Sir Diferderer quite so much as an able-bodied bore. One day after a half-hour's vapors from one of this peculiar genus, he said "Well, call in to-morrow afternoon, or any other afternoon this week." "But," said the parasite, "you are never here in the afternoons." "That's all right; that's the reason I want you to call at that time."

THE Reverend Whangdoodle Baxter recently met Jim Webster on Austin Avenue. "What's de reason, James, dat I don't see yer at de church no moan?" asked Whangdoodle. "Bekase I wasn't dar, I reckon." "But why wasn't you dar?" "I'll tell you, Parson, perzactly how dat am. Eber since I stole dem turkeys outen your hencoop I has done lost all confidence in myself."

WITH many a curve the trunks I pitch.

With many a shout and sally;

At station siding, crossing switch,

On mountain grade or valley,

I heave, I push, I sling, I toss,

With vigorous endeavor,

And men may smile and men grow cross,

But I sling my trunks forever!

Ever! ever!

I bust the trunks forever!

AN Austin father complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said: "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes, and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then the oldest boy spoke up and said: "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now—you are living with us."

PROF. ZWEIBER is rather a dissipated old man who gives lessons on the flute for a living. Gil hooley, who feels a kindly interest in him, said to him: "Professor, if you were to keep sober, you would be engaged in some of the first families, and make money." "Dot is all humbug," said the old man, indignantly. "I give lessons so I can get drunk, and now you want me to keep sober so I can give lessons. Dot ish all humbug."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Frail Belles of the Upper Ten and Their Actor Lovers.

Where the Dandies of the Stage Raise the Wind, and How They Give Themselves Away.

MAPLESON tackled Chicago like a bold bandit. He doubled the ordinary opera prices and there was a grand kick all around, but the alleged "tony" first society submitted gracefully to the robbery in the belief that the price is a gauge of the quality.

At last! It is apparent that the bottom has been knocked out of comic opera. It has been falling all around this season, and the managers will abandon it in another month or two for, let us hope, something more sensible and worthy of the intelligence of American audiences.

OSMOND TEARLE has made a feeble attempt to star himself. For heaven's sake let this "cad" be sat upon at once. We have enough bad actors from England prowling this country already; surely we are not going to sink so low as to tolerate every scapegrace son of a London linen draper who takes to the stage when he has failed in everything else.

LILLIAN CLEVELAND is to the fore again as a star. The pertinacity of that young woman is admirable if nothing else about her is. She's of the kind that you can't "shake," and the public is finding it out. She was in Brooklyn last week, and all things considered, pulled through pretty fairly—better, in fact, than a person of talent would have had the luck to have done.

AGNES LEONARD is back at us and flares with her usual loudness through the press. She calls herself a star still. For a season she has been touring in Italy, and couldn't stay there peacefully but must come back and have another hack at us. The American public is in for it this time. Agnes has probably got another boodle and is going to use it in making us understand that we've got to swallow her as a star. We promise to make things lively for Agnes if she persists in her enterprise.

SHEENY SOLOMONS hasn't made his new alleged opera, "Virginia," such a go as he expected. If he lingers much longer he'll go home in the steerage instead of the first cabin, for the comic opera boom is pretty well over and the raid of the English Sheenies is drawing to a ruinous end. Even Oily D'Oyley shows signs of weakening and will probably drop the comic opera racket next season. Thank heaven, this mob is going to be frozen out at last!

THAT "mugging" clown, Nat Goodwin, is going to play the *Gravedigger* in "Hamlet" at the dramatic festival in Cincinnati. Imagine that "stuff" attempting to read Shakespeare before an intelligent audience. That will be a festival indeed. It should lead to a funeral if the outraged audience were plucky enough to resent their injuries. But he'll escape—he's done almost as terrible things and got away with them. The public is an ass—there's no mistake about it—else why Goodwin?

THE theatre-gozers don't deserve to have a really good article served up to them. Here's Joe Wheelock, the only actor in the country qualified to set up for a star, given the cold shoulder, while ham-fatters, bum beauties, princes' mashers, snide singers and fakes from the English theatres are making fortunes on the dramatic circuits of the country. Joe just pulls along, while all these are boosted ahead and find the way made easy for them in every conceivable way. It's tough, but so it is.

HELEN BANCROFT, one of old Slime's graduates, has set up as a star, beginning as *Julia* in the "Hunchback," in the Turf Club Theatre, New York. Turf Club! That suggests pools. Wonder if Helen is run in this way! At any rate, she must raise the boodle, somehow, and how, is the mystery that sets us to thinking so impudently. But then, who would buy pools on her as an actress? That's the rub. And for a whole week as a star! Lordy! Lordy!

OLD Slime has been quite lucky lately in the quality of the damsels who have been lured into his private office. The society ladies who want to be actresses are all sent to him now instead of the Eel, who has chains of amorous jealousy from "the outside" flung around him, and is no good, therefore, for trying amateurs. Old Slime, therefore, revels in the racket and tests the aspirants thoroughly. Talk about Belshazzar! Why, he was a chump to old Slime, and his feast has been discounted every week for fifteen years in the private office of that great theatrical manipulator and moulder of talent—the famous old Slime.

THAT Cincinnati dramatic festival is progressing. They've fixed it, after much wrangling, that Clara Morris is to play *Emilia* in "Othello" and the *Queen* in "Hamlet," while Modjeska has a hack at poor *Desdemona*, and Rhea is to be the *Ophelia* in the same tragedies. Broken English in blank verse or all broken up—that's about the size of it. Tough on Mr. McCallough, this. A sheeny *Desdemona* whose bones will snap and clatter like castanets when he hugs her in one of those sweetmeat cranks of his. Gosh! That will be a sour mash article of love-making on the part of Genial John. Lucky she hasn't got to sit on his knee, or the romance of his very best situation would be eliminated forever.

THE Baltimorean McCaull who runs the Bijou Opera House in New York is being spoiled considerably by flattery. Because the Alulghy has passed him over and permitted him to run on his little bandbox of a theatre unscathed and unscorched by the lightning of Jove he has attributed his success to his strategic abilities as a campaigner against the laws and forces of nature and now calls himself or gets his friends to call him "General McCaull." He's "holler-ing" before he's out of the woods, though, we think. Providence has a rod in pickle for him and he should not forget it while he is posing as a hero for the admiration of the chorus girls.

THE beer palaces of Fourteenth street, New York, east and west, are vile adjuncts to the theatres and the exhibitions half-painted actresses make of themselves in these magnificent dens of vice in the midnight hour after the performances are over are enough to brand the profession with impudency if there were no other proofs. They all do it and the free and easy manners of the women of the stage in

these public places with their lovers would be shocking if we believed the theory of purity advanced by the managers, but we don't believe it—so the stage daisies couldn't astonish us if they were to mount the tables and dance a can can for the assembled multitude of beer swiggers. We believe them capable of anything.

Just as we predicted, Lillian Russell will not fill out her engagement this season. She will take a trip abroad and will try it on again next year. By that time she will have been forgotten along with her illness. What a pity this young woman was so devilish and so whimsical at the outset, when she had such a bright artistic prospect before her. The contemptible lot of puppies who hung on her skirts and whispered idiotic flatteries in her ear ruined her for dramatic purposes. She was early persuaded that she was a goddess of such transcendent loveliness, talent and magical charm that the world couldn't do without her. She thought because a lot of brainless noodles bowed to her, actuated secretly by selfish lecherous designs, the entire public should grovel likewise. She will learn her mistake next season when she finds that she has been deposed altogether and that another has her place and is making better use of the advantages thereof.

It is amusing to hear Shook & Palmer talking about the "ton" and respectability of the Union Square from the beginning. If we remember aright this theatre sprang into legitimate bloom the nastiest muck and manure of the variety stage, and we have vivid remembrances of a couple of pretty dancers who had a story to tell when they were flung off and went out to suffer with the barn storming spectacles. Oh, we don't know any thing, we don't. We were born in the country, and we have just arrived. You can tell us any story you will and we'll believe it. Give it to us right in the neck. We don't know any better. A high old cradle of respectability is that same Union Square Theatre in its legitimate phase, too. It was there that Fannie Hayward, the soubrette, disported—oh, Mr. Palmer? And it was a pretty dance to death, they said, she led poor old George Fox, the Grimaldi of our stage. And then, what has there been outflowing from that cradle of Thespian respectability ever since, but a succession of half bushed up scandals of the most piquant description? Oh, come now—draw it mild when you do your blowing, little man, lest the POLICE GAZETTE hear you and unmask your hypocritical countenance.

THAT Mary Anderson boom still continues. This young woman instead of improving with time is growing systematically worse and worse. We saw her in "Galatea" the other night and she really paralyzed us. When we weigh in calm reflection the fact that this young person aspires to the position of the leading star-actress of this country we are puzzled. We have seen amateurs before but they were modest amateurs and made no pretensions of superiority over the rest of the world. This young woman, though, is a terror. She is nothing more than an amateur and her faults have fixed themselves so firmly that she will never be anything else, and yet she puts on, the assumption of her style, the regal magnificence of the regard she casts upon the situation combine to bewilder the greatest of dramatic prophets. If she be really a success, if her foothold on the pinnacle of fame be really secure, then indeed are all the principles of art gravitation overthrown and the long-legged spider that walks in antipodean attitude across the dome of the temple is greater than the living goddess who strides its penitentiary in the form and attitude of a human being. This may be rather high-flown criticism for Doctor Ham Griffin, but we have no doubt he will be able to spell it out and get at its true inwardness.

BLANCHE VAN DORN, known lately on the stage as Miss Helen Bancroft, has been taken in hand by a rich noodle of New York a sheeny who wants an actress to run, and has determined to make her a star with his money. This young woman has not a spark of talent. She has no natural bent as an actress, no voice, no grace, no *savoir-faire* on the stage and evidently can never be taught. Thousands of dollars have been spent to elevate this person from the slough to a prominent position in what should be an honorable profession. Respectable girls with talent have starved on the stage while she has been rushed to the front with the money and interest of the rich and "quack" bloods of the metropolis. All last season a certain party paid Old Slime a hundred dollars a week to keep her in his stock company where she was a wretched "guy" in an artistic sense. Then she was placed under the tutelage of the actor F. F. Mackay, who made a nice stake by teaching her to be a "star." She made her debut in her stellar capacity at the Turf Club theatre on Jan. 22, and made a dire failure of course. Yet the money is forthcoming and she is boosted forward while the press is gagged with rolls of bank notes. If this woman had talent as an actress and meant artistic business we should be the last to cast a stone at her. As it is, we feel like firing a cart load of rocks on the stage. Such women have no excuse for remaining on the scene, no matter how much money is behind them. It is a shame, an outrage on the real workers and artists of the profession, and if no one else on the press has the courage to say so, we have, and the pluck to expose the marketing of the brainless charms of such questionable lay figures as this latest pretended star and her shameless sheeny backers.

THE Lilly's season has been a financial failure in the west. She has not done by any means as well as was expected. In fact, it is doubtful that she could have been floated as a speculation beyond Chicago had not Freddie come nobly to the front and sacrificed himself ignominiously as an advertisement. It was the piquant suggestion of baseness between this precious pair that drew such audiences as were gathered at the beck of the alleged "beauty." They keep on protesting virtue and innocence and yet balancing constantly on the dizzy edge of impropriety. It is a very artful combination but the public has wearied of its salacious suggestions and declines to rush in multitudes under the spell of a *passée* and played-out favorite of the nobility, whose points of real beauty they cannot detect with a microscope. The jig being up, Freddie makes a bold bluff to keep the combination in its proper place. He has a wrangle with a reporter in a St. Louis bar room and then there is talk of a duel. All the tony club men are appealed to as to what is the proper course for Freddie Bolls to pursue. Some think "if the reporter is a gentleman" Freddie should accept the challenge, while others declare he should not notice the invitation. And this is Freddie Bolls they are talking of. We should like to know what Bolls, Pimples, Cancer, Abscess and all that

choice circle of "daisy" hunting cads of the metropolis consider a gentleman. We opine a veritable gentleman wouldn't be hitched on to the petticoats of an English woman who had come over here on the make, with the side pretence that she is an actress. Mr. Bolls has a cheek when he begins to inquire into the gentility of men who want to pull his nose. His method of ruining the reputation of Langtry and parading his amorous triumph before the world by accompanying her on her travels as her most intimate companion is a "give away" that he rather likes, but it doesn't elevate him in his alleged position as a gentleman. We think Bolls had better drop his blather about being a gentleman and answer Cunningham's challenge by sending on a deposit to the POLICE GAZETTE and inviting him to a Marquis of Queensberry matinee with the gloves as a substitute for the murderous and antiquated revolver. At any rate this gut about being a gentleman in the English sense will not go down in this country—especially when the claimant is the follower of a bad actress, a snide beauty and a company of fifth rate strolling players. Freddie had better hide his head when the argument turns on lineage and refinement. Anyone who makes his headquarters in Pimples' puscavity behind the private box in the Eighth avenue temple of pustules or who has graduated therefrom to be the attendant and train bearer of a cast off favorite of a beery British prince won't pan out for so anything as a first class gentleman. Freddie isn't a gentleman—he's a "gent"—that's it exactly—a "gent" and agent for Langtry at that. It won't work. Either put up or shut up, Freddie.

WALLACK's company is sadly lacking in "mashers" nowadays. The sly young woman of society who is on the crooked (and more of them than you would suppose) is in a bad way about it. That Tearle man, the latest importation, was found wanting last season by the sly daughters of the million aires and too much inclined to give away the amorous favors accorded him. This is why Wallack's has lost favor as a resort for ladies. They find it better to frequent the Standard and shower their perfumed epistles on singing artists whose rotundity of voice gives promise of a complaisant nature and a power of love. Oh, they are a crooked, wicked set, these daughters of the million aires, and the antics they carry on with actors on the "kiss but never tell" principles are something astonishing. We have a vivid remembrance of an episode that occurred apropos of this general crookedness, in the early part of the present season. We were conversing with a young actor on the sidewalk in front of the Union Square Theatre. In drawing out his handkerchief he scattered several little notes of varied perfumes. Unabashed he picked them up and with the remark, "That was lucky. They're from some of my mashers—young ladies of the best society—rich men's daughters. Hattie goes through my pockets sometimes and she might have caught on to these." Hattie was a young actress, a walking lady, with whom he was living on the quiet while everyone else thought her "straight," and thus cruelly he "gave her away" while boasting of his other conquests. The four letters were read aloud to a party of four of us seated around the table of a beer saloon in Fourteenth street, the actor meantime covering the signature of each with his thumb as our prying eyes tried to take it in. The Thespian is naturally a good companion, a good, generous fellow in the company of men but being an actor the society he moves in has sadly blunted his ideas of honor with women. It is thus ruefully and lamely we apologize for his off color methods and his vanity in exposing the society ladies who have submitted themselves to him and left the proofs of their abasement in his hands to be displayed to the mobs of the beer saloons. This same young chap happened to be "short" on the occasion we mention and as we passed out of the beer saloon "struck" Tinsington, the leader of the Union Square orchestra, for the loan of five dollars. Before the latter could say a word, yes or no, however, the actor's eyes fell on a passing carriage, a private concern of gorgeous get up. With the remark, "Never mind, I can get all I want now," he darted off after it. It stopped at the corner of 18th street and Fourth avenue, a lady beckoned him, he entered and the vehicle drove on. An hour after the actor reappeared and displayed a hundred dollars, which he said had been given him by the young woman without a word. She wanted to make it two hundred but he said he hadn't the "gall" to accept the offer. He made no secret of the fact that the relations between him and the rich young society lady were criminal. He could not see the situation in the light in which we presented it to him when we hinted that taking money from a woman under such circumstances was bringing himself down to the level of those wretches who live on fallen women. He regarded this merely as an honorable perquisite of an actor. He thought that actors, like parsons, are privileged in their little "crookednesses" with the sisters of the best society and could find nothing but credit accruing from the fact that he had three "tony" damsels as his mistresses on the sly who esteemed it a favor to pour all their pin money into his pockets. Here's a young man whom we know to be sound and straight on every other question holding such ideas as this in regard to his mashers, on the ground that an actor is a privileged person in his amours and in accepting in the profits thereof. Imagine what the bad fellows hold! Fough, it does seem that this Augean stable of the drama needs a cleansing!

ANOTHER ALLEGED SEDUCTION CASE.

The Lawyers and an Angry Parent Go for Babbitt's "Soap."

The great soap man, B. T. Babbitt, was sued in the Supreme Court, over in Brooklyn on the 9th inst., by Richard W. Peck, a merchant doing business on West street, New York, but residing on Putnam avenue, Brooklyn. Peck alleges that Babbitt, in 1873, with the intent to seduce plaintiff's eighteen year old daughter, and induce her to leave her home and go to live with the soap man as his mistress, planned a scheme to accomplish that design. Plaintiff alleges that the defendant made the acquaintance of the girl and her mother, Ellen E. Peck, in connection with the stealing of \$200,000 from the defendant by his cashier, Charles Beckwith, and that Miss Peck was employed to aid in the recovery of the money. He alleges that the defendant gave her \$10,000 to aid in this, and afterwards caused her arrest on a criminal charge, and procured from her a chattel mortgage on the furniture in the plaintiff's house. The plaintiff alleges that he knew nothing of all this at the time, and that by several actions brought against him by the defendant and his *pendens* on his property, and by the arrest of his wife, etc., he had been damaged in his business and in his feelings in the sum of \$100,000, for which he demands judgment.

THE WHITE TERROR OF COLORADO.

Packs of Mountain Wolves Making Life Lively and Thrilling Among the Miners.

This winter the ferocity of the mountain wolves has made life peculiarly thrilling in and about Leadville, Colo. We have adverted to the doings of the fierce packs heretofore, especially detailing a few weeks ago the thrilling and fatal adventure of a mother and her child, both sacrificed to the fury of the beasts, but still the reports of narrow escapes in the Sagunache range are coming in.

Our correspondent had an interview on Jan. 5 at Leadville with Mr. James Willoughby. He is the hero of the latest adventure with the white terror and is suffering from a broken arm and nervous prostration consequent on his race and struggle with a pack of the hungry animals. He tells a really blood curdling story. He was returning to Leadville on Jan. 3 from Aspen, where he had been to attend to some mining business. The day was cold and about 5 o'clock he stopped at the Mountain Boy House to get warm and get some refreshments. When he started on it was quite dark but he knew the road well and apprehended no trouble.

He had a revolver in his belt and the belt fastened around the pommel of the saddle. The horse he was riding was a large, strong animal but clumsy and quite timid. He had proceeded about three-quarters of a mile when the dread yelp of a wolf was heard and almost at once the pack broke from the sides of the road in pursuit of the rider. Mr. Willoughby states that he saw at least seven of them but was unable to note them accurately, as his horse caught sight of them and broke into a run at once. It required all his ability to manage his frightened steed and with all his exertions the best he could do was to keep him to the road and let him go. Anyone who has ever ridden an awkward horse at full speed down hill need not be told that the situation was a terrible one. The chances of death from accident were fully as good as those from being torn by wild beasts and neither was calculated to inspire the fleeing man with confidence. At a fearful gait the frightened animal sped down the icy road, with the red jaws and sharp fangs close behind him. He could hear them at his heels and hear loomed him a speed he had never shown before. As they rounded the last bend above Gillmore's the accident which Willoughby had been dreading occurred. The animal's feet slipped from under him and as he came down he was stopped by a rock at the roadside with an enormous shock and the rider went flying through the air as though thrown from a catapult. The descent from the side of the road at the point is quite steep and covered with timber. The accident saved Willoughby's life. He struck in the forks of a pine tree whose stem had divided about twenty feet above the ground. The force of the fall broke his left arm below the elbow and knocked him senseless.

He hung there suspended safely above his pursuers, while they glutt their thirst for blood on the helpless horse. He does not know just how long he hung there insensible but it must have been at least two hours. When he came to himself the wolves had apparently about satisfied themselves though they still hung around the body of the horse. Willoughby knew he was not far from Gillmore's and by shouting with all his strength he succeeded in making himself heard there. Two of the stable men came to his relief and as their lanterns flashed on the bloody scene the now sated beasts skulked away. Willoughby was assisted from his unpleasant position with some difficulty and conveyed to the house. Later he was brought into the city and taken to the house of his friend, Mr. Jenkins.

The three affairs have caused an intense excitement in the range and there is talk of organizing a grand hunt for scouring the country and ridding it of the brutes. It is hardly probable however that the plan will be successful, as there are some places so inaccessible and the space to cover is so large.

A BRIDE'S THEFT.

A Tony Young Couple Arrested for Larceny at the Start of Their Wedding Tour.

The southern girl has come to the front in the way of furnishing sensational romance in matrimonial affairs and to tell the plain, fair truth, she rises to the situation and goes to the top of the heap with a rush. On Jan. 17 Alonzo Lynch was married at Bowling Green, Caroline county, Va., to Miss Isola Abbey. The young couple were of high social position in their neighborhood and the wedding was attended by all the best people and was altogether a tony affair. As the happy couple were about to board the northern train on their wedding tour they were arrested by a detective on the charge of stealing \$1,000 from James Wright, an uncle of the bride. Their friends were indignant at the arrest, pronouncing it an outrage, but the officers insisted that they knew what they were about. The bridal couple were taken to the hotel parlor and the detective insisted on searching them. This was done but no money was found and the officer was about to release them when a lady friend present, confident of the bride's innocence, suggested sarcastically that the officer had better look in her hair.

"I believe I will," said the officer, whereupon the bride turned pale and said:

"Oh, don't, please don't, I have not got it there." Her hair was worn in heavy coils. She took it down and neatly coiled in the heavy braids of her back hair were \$130 in greenbacks. Subsequently the rest of the money was recovered. The bride is 19 and pretty. When the newly-married pair left the house after the ceremony the uncle from whom the money was subsequently stolen threw an old shoe after the carriage.

DAISY DALY, FEMALE BOXER.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Daisy Daly of California, the champion female boxer, is well known in the variety profession all over the country, having appeared at several of the theatres and made her name famous as a serio comic songstress. On her arrival in New York she secured a six months' engagement with Harry Hill and on several occasions figured in boxing matches with Tommy Gerraty, Fatty Rush and a few of the female exponents of the manly art. Harry Hill finally engaged Miss Alice Jennings, the female champion boxer, and Miss Daisy Daly agreed to meet her in the arena. The contest resulted in a victory for the Californian, Daisy, who has since held the title and is ready to contend with the gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules, against any female boxer in America.

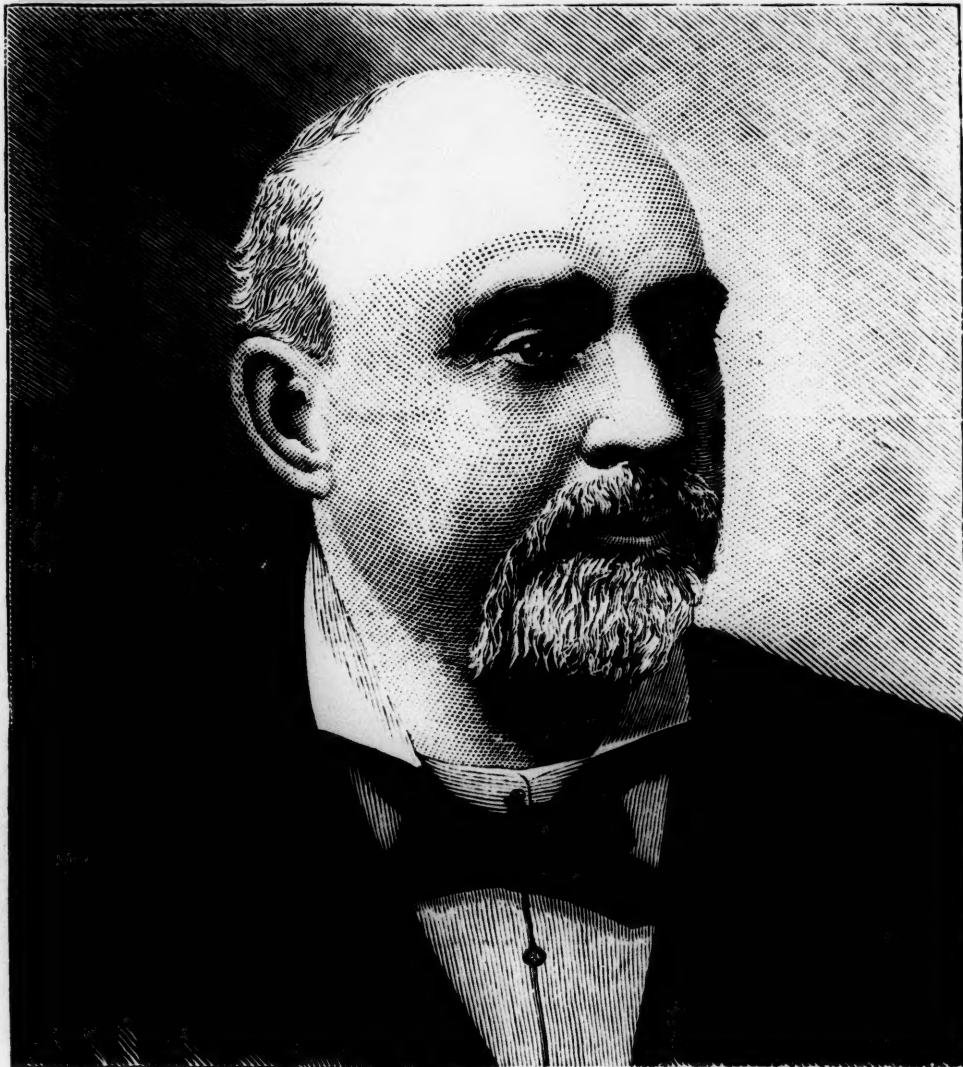
A Chinese "Desperado."

A "China Herder," in the language of Montana, is a white man who oversees the great camps of Chinese workmen in the territory. Those white men who hang about the Mongolian tents are decided "toughs," as they need to be indeed, since the Chinaman has lately taken to imitating the vices of the Melican man with desperate energy. New Year's day in Montana was recognized as a regular heathen holiday out there and the Chinese camps let out several completely educated desperadoes who did the footpad business in the best style of the western white man.

A large Chinese camp at Horse Plains, Montana, on a line of construction there made lively times indeed. A Chinaman blazed away with a six shooter at Jim Gibbon, a "China herder," wounding him badly. Then he went forth and inaugurated a reign of terror on the

rape committed on a girl 7 years old named Hattie Carr. The police have been investigating the matter and a mysterious prisoner had been locked up in the freezer for two days.

When the facts came out on the date mentioned the sensation was profound. The victim is the daughter of a poor widow residing a short distance from the college, which adjoins St. Joseph's cathedral. She was playing with another child when a man from the college came along and gave them some candy. He invited them to enter the college. Hattie Carr went, the other child refused. Frank, for it was he, took the little one to his room, gave her some candy and there, as the little girl has shown in her childish way, accomplished his fiendish object. She cried with pain and he soothed her with candy and threatened to kill her if she told anyone. When the coast was clear at dark he gave her more candy and sent her home. The little one was scolded by her



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

BILLY BIRCH.

[Photo. by Naegeli.]

road on his own account, compelling the best of the whites, taken by surprise, to hold up their hands and come down with all their loose funds. A doctor who was called to dress Gibbons' wound was met by two armed Chinamen while returning to his camp on horseback who inquired of him what hopes he had of Gibbons' recovery. After talking some little time on the subject they politely requested the doctor to dismount and hold up his hands. One held the horse while the other went through the doctor to the tune of sixty dollars, thanked him for the small amount and bade him good-night.

This sudden and successful debut of John as a desperado and road agent has taken the tough element of Montana by surprise. They were not ready for it and got left badly at the outset but John had better look out how he carries on the game hereafter. The boys are "fly" to his game and are waiting impatiently for him to resume.

Birch and Backus.

We present the portraits of Messrs. Birch & Backus, and good portraits they are. The originals are still at work at the business of filling graveyards at the old stand. For further particulars consult our dramatic columns.

A Religious Beast.

Intense excitement was created in Buffalo on Jan. 18 by the indictment by the grand jury of the Rev. Thos. Waldron, known in religion as Brother Frank, president of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic college, on a charge of

mother for being late and for taking candy from strangers. During the night she was taken sick and cried with pain. The mother discovered her child's condition and sent for medical advice. The little girl then told the whole horri-

ble story. Detectives were summoned and the child taken to the college, where she identified Frank's hat, picked out his room, showed the bureau whence he took the candy and in a drawer of which candy of the same kind as she had brought home was found, and finally Frank was pointed out from among a score of other parties.

The chain of evidence has been made complete. Frank denied the charge but was arrested and locked up. He is a man 53 years of age and a resident of Buffalo for twenty-five years. He has a deeply studious air, is a man of many attainments particularly in the classics. His friends say he is insane and insist on an investigation of his mental condition.

A Ghoulish Cohort.

Complaints have prevailed for some time in Montreal, Canada, that the medical students were regularly robbing the graves in the surrounding country and of late the outrages have become so frequent and daring that in the country villages and hamlets near by people bury their dead within the shadow of their own dwellings until decomposition renders them useless

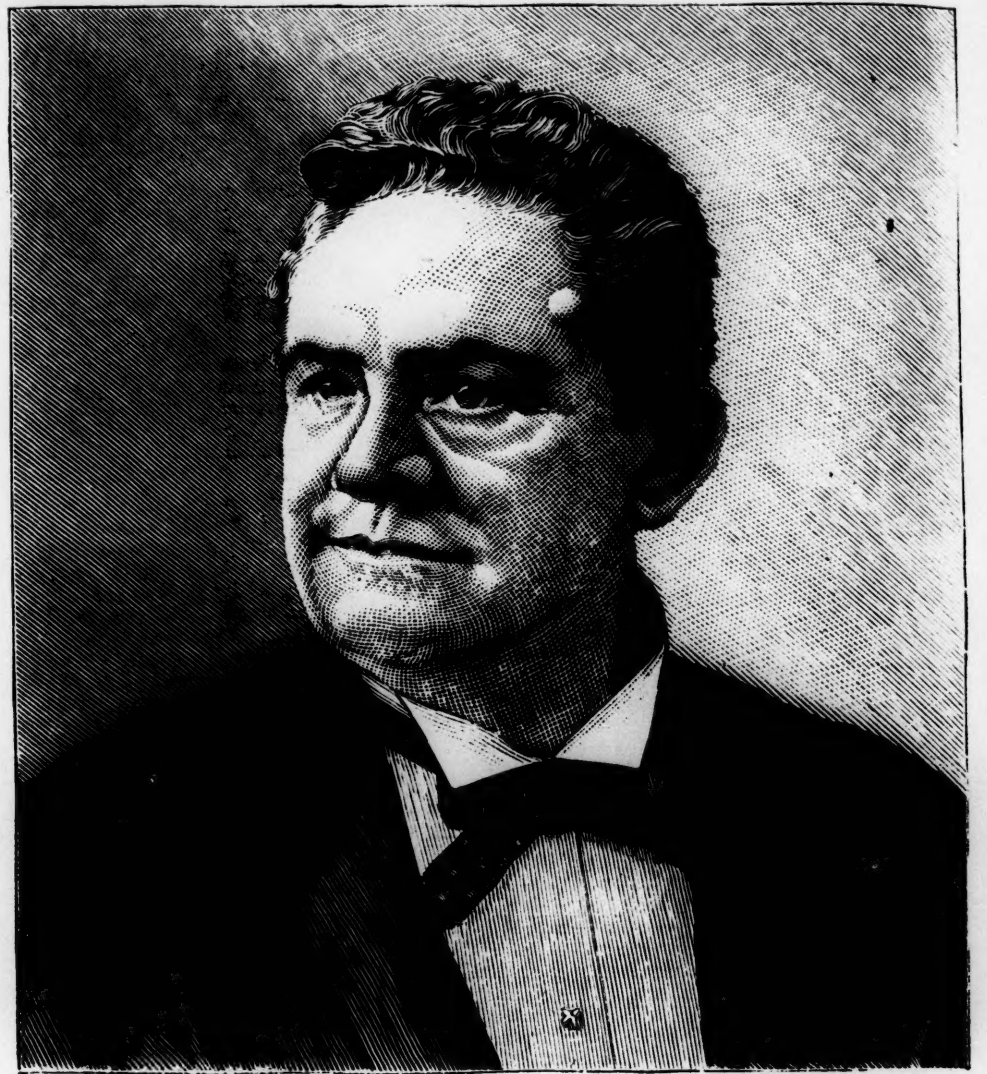
for surgical purposes. Five bodies have been stolen from Vaudveuil cemetery and others from villages in the vicinity of Montreal, which the police found and arrested one of the thieves, who was to have been tried on the afternoon of Jan. 20. At 2 o'clock over one hundred medical students left McGill college gate. Many of them were armed with human arm and thigh bones which had been stolen. They marched along singing college songs and misbehaving in different ways until they reached the police court, which they entered with a rush. In a few moments they commenced a series of insulting remarks to the court, who ordered the high constable to clear the room. He tried to do so but the students turned upon him and so buffeted and guyed him that he drew his revolver. At this moment a posse of police who had been sent for came to his rescue and he pocketed the weapon.

The medics eyed them for a moment and then a scrimmage began, blows being given and returned. The police triumphed in the end, having used their batons well. The college boys were compelled to retreat, with the exception of a few of the ringleaders the police managed to secure. The human relics were taken from the ghouls, who carried them as far as it was possible to do so. The main effort however was directed to driving the whipped boys back to the college.

Shortly afterward those taken prisoners were discharged also without trial. In this way it is claimed the magistrates encourage these college escapades. The students always escape punishment, even when caught in their acts.

Youths of the Period.

Talk about precocity and childish depravity—how is this? On the morning of Jan. 23 two children, Ella and John Lawler, aged 11 and 12 years, were arrested on complaint of their parents, residing at No. 122 Pavonia avenue, Jersey City. The father of the children testified that the boy and girl were in the habit of drinking liquor to excess and that they both smoked cigarettes and cigars and would not stay in the good home provided for them. When the children were found by the policeman they fought and scratched and tried to escape. They have previously been arrested for drunkenness. The parents are respectable and temperate people. The prisoners in the court room behaved like old criminals and went back to their cells laughing. They will both be provided with a home in the reform school.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

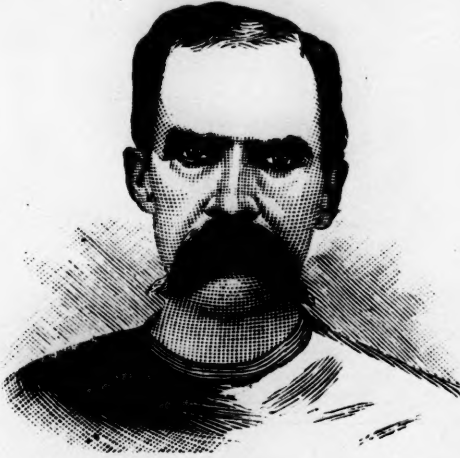
CHARLEY BACKUS.

[Photo. by Naegeli.]



A CHINESE DESPERADO.

A BOLD MONGOLIAN SETS UP AS THE TERROR OF HORSE CREEK, MONTANA, AND PARALYZES THE BOYS.



J. L. McLEAN,

EMBEZZLER, ACCUSED OF ROBBING HIS EMPLOYERS AND WANTED AT GALVESTON, TEX.

after Christmas. The bridegroom has been arrested, as reported by us, on the suit of the young lady whom he wronged and treated so meanly afterwards.

Sterling Price Webb.

The young man, Sterling Price Webb, murdered his brother-in-law, W. J. Evans, at Eureka Springs, Ark., on Aug. 24, 1881, is now at large and is wanted by the authorities of the town named, for a liberal reward. The murderer lay in ambush in the brush and shot his unsuspecting victim as he passed on his way home. He was arrested but escaped from the officers.



EMMA J. PHILHOWER,

OF PEAPACK, N. J., VICTIM OF THE DRUMMER BIGAMIST, GEBHARDT.

He is 23 years old, 5ft. 10 in. in height, weighs 135 pounds and has dark hair and eyes. The Governor of Arkansas offers \$50 reward for his capture, the sheriff of the county \$50 and the relatives of the murdered man add \$100 to the sum.

J. L. McLean.

Hennessy's detective agency of Galveston, Texas, offers a reward for J. L. McLean of that city, who is wanted for embezzlement. He "lit out" from Texas about the 14th of December with quite a stake and has been anxiously inquired for since that time. He is about 5 feet 4 or 5 inches



STERLING PRICE WEBB,

MURDERER, WANTED FOR A REWARD AT EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

Emma J. Philhower.

Our readers will remember a couple of numbers back our account of the goings on of a dandy "drummer," Jacob W. Gebhardt, who carried on high old flirtation and matrimonial antics in Jersey. He is about 21 years of age, and has been raiding Jersey for some time as the traveling agent of a New York wholesale grocery house. He fell in with Miss Philhower, an engaging young lady of Peapack, aged 20, whose father is a wealthy drover and owns several farms in that vicinity. At last after he had been visiting the girl for some time it became apparent that her condition was verging on the "interesting." Then her father "went for" Gebhardt and the young fellow promised to marry her, receiving a check from the old man to facilitate operations. Then he gave Miss Philhower the slip and skipped to New York with another young woman, Miss Hattie Gates, to whom he was married in the metropolis shortly



A RED HOT SLEIGH RIDE.

A KANSAS CITY BEAU ADDS A STOVE TO THE WARMING INFLUENCES OF A PRETTY GIRL IN HIS CUTTER AND DEFIES THE BLIZZARDS.

high, 38 or 40 years of age, hair and mustache sandy color, mustache very heavy and long, hair very thin on top of his head, almost bald, upper front teeth out, combs his mustache over his mouth to conceal it, has a little impediment in his speech.

The Dangers of Matrimony.

On the night of Jan. 15, John Patterson was on a visit to his father's house in Banks County Ga., with his young wife to whom he had been married only seven months. At midnight the wife was heard screaming for help and the elder Patterson broke down the door and entered the room to find her with her throat cut from ear to ear. The husband had escaped by the window before his father's arrival. The young couple were supposed to be living happily together and there was no known cause of disagreement.

J. BUTLER, of North Adams, Mass., was sent to state prison for life on Jan. 17 for raping his niece aged 11.



A CORPSE WITH A FULL HAND.

HOW OLD BEN GRAHAM, OF LEADVILLE, COLO., WAS REVIVED, RETURNED TO LIFE, AND TOOK A HAND IN A GAME OF CARDS PLAYED ON HIS STOMACH BY THE MOURNERS.

PARIS INSIDE OUT;

OR,

Joe Potts on the Loose.

The Adventures and Misadventures; the
Sprees and Soberings up; the Life,
Love and Pastimes Generally of
a New York Sport in the Gay-
est City in the World.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabille Unmasked," "The
Bohemians of New York," "Studio Secrets," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOE MEETS AN OLD FRIEND AND MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Mention has already been made—honorable mention—of a pin worn by Mr. Potts, playfully representing Sara Bernhardt as a skeleton, an ornament of which Mr. Joseph despoiled a wooden actor named Amadie, who played with Donna Sol while that gifted but eccentric artist honored the United States with her enaculated presence. Monsieur Amadie, who wept copiously on parting with the ornament, a gift from Donna Sol herself, swore to redeem it out of the first fruit of his labors. Time rolled on and with it Monsieur Amadie's labor bore no first fruits or that absence from the beloved object had cooled his ardor, but certain it is that Joe sported the pin and the promised 1,000 francs did not put in an appearance.

"I am pretty well paid at last," mused Mr. Potts, as he plunged the S. B. pin into the folds of a flaming scarf, scarlet barred with yellow, "to-day Laura Norton takes dinner with me all alone and we are to go to a fast theatre called the Folly Berger (Folies Bergeres)—I'm to rent a box and I guess I'll pick out a real dark one—I've got the corner on her at last. I'm to meet Mademoiselle Rissan War (Roche Noir) at half-past eleven but I must shake Miss La Jeune. She's a first-class museum, she is. Spoondyke is to be here at half-past ten with his girl. I'll not be found dead at the depot again. I wonder what sort of a girl she is. He ain't over particular, but then preachers generally get pretty well fixed as a rule."

A despatch reached Mr. Potts as he was seated at breakfast. It was from the Rev. Mr. Spoondyke.

"Won't reach Paris till 10 o'clock; meet me at depot."

"Oh, yes, very much so, Mr. Spoon. I guess I'll be buried in a snug little box at the Folly Berger at ten o'clock, with the best sort of a mash I ever struck. No more depot for your friend J. P."

Miss La Jeune was not to be shaken. She adored her patrician friend and hoped to win a slice of Joe's affections to boot. She did not covet them all. She deserved so much as would yield her a silk dress and an Eise hat. She did not even aspire to a gold watch or a locket. She was aware of the grave fact that her attractions were not of that order which command the higher prizes in the game. Consequently she was quite content to snap up "unconsidered trifles" from a back seat.

After a very expensive dejeuner at the Cafe Foy in the Avenue de l'Opera Mr. Joseph escorted the young ladies through the Tuilleries gardens, from whence they viewed the charred and broken walls of the palace, standing as a silent reproach to the miscreants who used their terrible petroleum with such hideous and deplorable results.

"Ain't it horrible to look at such ruins?" he observed.

"She likes to see them," said Miss La Jeune, "she belongs to the old nobility of France that despised the mushroom Napoleon. She expects to see Henry the Fifth on the throne and if the Fleure de Lis floats again over Paris that dear girl there will be one of the most petted ladies of the court. Do you see over yonder at the other side of the ruins? That's the Faubourg St. Germain, where her family used to live when—oh, hundreds of years."

"Which is the Latin Quarter?" asked Joe, who didn't care a darn how long the Russian War resided in the Faubourg St. Germain, "the quarter where they dance the can can? I'm crazy to see it danced. Where's the best place? You can put me on that rail?"

The young ladies laughed a good deal between themselves and seemingly engaged in debating some question worthy of argument.

"Do you really wish to see the can can?" demanded Miss La Jeune.

"That's what brought me to Paris."

"I fear that you are as naughty as you are nice," laughed the young lady.

"Oh, I ain't a saint, like a reverend friend of mine who's coming along to-day from London."

"Then we'll never see you when he comes. We won't let you near him," and Miss La Jeune pressed Joe's arm to her side lovingly.

"Touching the can can, Miss La Jeune."

"Well, you bad, naughty, wicked fellow," playfully wagging his hand as she adjoined, "we will take you to the Buller ball to-night. It's a students' ball in the Latin Quarter. There you will see the can can danced in all its mad badness."

"To-night? I guess I can't go to-night; I've an engagement."

"With a lady?"

"An old friend, miss."

"Oh, they're always old friends. I dare not tell this to Susanne."

"When will another ball come off?"

Susanne was appealed to and replied that a grand ball was to take place on the following evening.

"Put me down for that; count me in, girls," cried Joe, "I'll meet you after the opera comique and we'll have a high old time."

"You must promise never to let on that she is there, nodding mysteriously at Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir, 'it is only to oblige you that she goes.'"

"I'll be as dumb as a clam at low water," said Joe. The trio now promenade through the garden of the Tuilleries to the Place de la Concorde.

"Here is a spot fraught with bitter memories to Susanne," observed Miss La Jeune, suddenly pausing, "it was on this spot that the guillotine used to stand in the Reign of Terror and here she lost seven grand uncles, five great grand aunts and seventeen cousins. Oh, all the blue blood that rolled in the dust here! See how pale she is, how she shudders."

Had Mr. Joseph been an adept in the French language he would have learned that Mademoiselle Susanne Roche Noir was deeply regretting having recently partaken so freely of shrimps. She was pale and she placed her hand on the lower portion of her chest, not on her heart.

The view from the Place de la Concorde delighted the American. The Madeleine on his right, the Church of Deputies on his left, in front the Champs Elysees, with the Arc de Triomphe in the distance. At the rear the blackened walls of the ruined Tuilleries.

The panorama of the siege of Paris in the Champs Elysees was proposed and faithful the trio wended their way.

"Just you go ahead will you?" said Joe to Miss La Jeune when they entered the dark passage leading to the stairs, "I guess I want to learn a little French from Miss Russian War here."

"You must not be rude."

"I ain't going to be."

"Her ancestors were—"

"Oh, to Omaha with her ancestors, you just get along with you."

Miss La Jeune at a snail's pace went on in front, while Mr. Joseph lagged behind with the Roche Noir, his arm lovingly clasping her waist. He had already twice tasted of the nectar of the Roche Noirs lips, when a sergeant de ville tapped him on the shoulder.

"En avant, m'sieur!"

"Tray bong," replied Joe as he prepared to comply.

"I'll have a good time to-morrow night at that ball with this daisy," he thought, "and if I could only find some chap who'd take the La Jeune off my hands—thunder, I'll get one of the waiters at the hotel to come. I guess he could dance the can can higher than a kite. Perhaps Spoondyke will come. If he does! Pshaw!"

Having disposed of the two ladies by four o'clock, greatly to their discomfort, as they expected dinner in the Bois de Boulogne, Mr. Joseph after divesting himself repaired to the rendezvous with his fascinating widow.

As he crossed the Avenue de l'Opera his arm was suddenly seized, while a scream of delight rang upon his ears. It was Pierre Amadie, the once possessor of the Bernhardt pin, who now caught Joseph in his arms and ere the American could make an effort at release had kissed him with resounding smacks on both cheeks.

Monsieur Pierre Amadie was a dapper little gentleman, yellow as a Florida orange, and with a pair of mustaches that stood out like those of the late Emperor Napoleon III. His waist as taper as a wasp's, his feet and hands worthy of a sixteen year old miss—not Chicago though. He was dressed up to kill anything, and was sucking a cigar that would have thrown any ordinary man, for it was as strong as it was large, and well proportioned.

"Oh Mon Dieu," he shrieked, "Quel bonheur. Quel joie! and he was kissing Joe again, but that gentleman remonstrated.

"Just let up on that, will you, Monsieur."

I shall not give little Amadie's precise language, but will translate it.

"Oh, heavens! How enchanting all this is! No—Yea. They do not deceive—and my pin! I see it. You have kept it faithfully for me. You have covered the three thousand miles of yellow sea to give it to me for the price named! Oh, yes, I have money. I am in bullion. I am a Rothschild. Alas, I do not make it by my art! Fortune is severe with me. Even the divine Sara. She who reposes on your bosom told me I was a stick. But my luck has been good, I have found favor in the eyes of a rich American lady, a widow. I was her cher ami, her adorer in the United States. She followed me to Paris, my dear. She loves me. She loved me with money. We are to be married if she likes. I don't much care for the yoke of matrimony. Not I. But come, take a stomacher of sherry."

"Sherry cobbler?"

"Ah, yes. Sherry cobbler, and we will talk."

They turned into the Cafe de Paris, where Monsieur Amadie gave orders in a shrill scream. The cobbler duly appeared.

"Aha! Mon ami, this reminds me of the States United. My regards! Set 'em up! Gosh darn! Taffy! Aha!"

The little gentleman was in a perfect ecstasy of pleasure.

"I will show you Paris life. You will go with me all the time. I can show you my angel. I will introduce you to such chic girls, the daisy, you call them, in States United. They are daughters of joy, and full of the devil. You will take dinner with me to-day. My charmer is indisposed. Here is her letter. Read it. It is in English. I got my barber to translate it to me. I cannot read English very well, though I speak it to fier with my eyes."

He handed Joe the letter. Mr. Potts started as his eye fell upon the direction of the envelope.

"If that ain't as like Lauba's writing as two peas," he muttered, as he proceeded to read the letter:

"My own, own, very own little mousey:

"I am absolutely wretched at the idea of being deprived of your adorable society for the evening, but I am compelled to dine with my aunt who has just arrived from the United States, and who is propriety itself, else I would ask you to join us, but I would be afraid that your adorable eyes would give us away. Come to me then at half-past eleven, for I will get rid of my aunt at that hour. With a million, billion kisses. Your own."

LAURA.

Joe uttered a word that rhymes with jam, and is spelt with a big, big D.

"Isn't that a beautiful letter, mon ami," asked Amadie.

"Oh, it is a daisy," replied Joe. "Hi!" to the waiter, "cognac! cognac!"

Mr. Potts was furious. This woman was just playing with him, and what a game! He was to dine and wine her, and this idiotic little Frenchman was to come in for dessert. Three strings to her bow. The Englishman, the Frenchman, and the American. It was an outrage. He would go now and coolly let her have a piece of his mind, tell her to go to Omaha, and never see her again. Wouldn't it be better fun to let her wait, and wait, and lose her evening at the Folies Bergeres.

"I'll fill up Amadie so that he will not be on hand,"

thought Joe. "Yes, I'll ask him to dine, we'll go to the Folies Bergeres together, I've got the box. He'll introduce me to the girls and we'll have a racket."

Monsieur Amadie was enchanted. He would dine and go to the Folies Bergeres, but after—

"Oh you can keep your appointment," said Joe.

"I wouldn't miss it for worlds," cried the amorous Frenchman; "she is so true—so true."

"As true as steel," laughed Potts, "they always are."

"Not always, Mon ami. I was cruelly deceived once upon a time, and by such a desirable woman, the wife of a silk mercer in the Faubourg St. Denis," and Amadie proceeded to relate all the circumstances attendant upon a liaison with the faithless spouse of a too confiding viceroy of silk.

Potts returned to the hotel, having forgotten the opera box ticket. Here Amadie embraced the proprietor, who was an acquaintance, and informed him of the delight he experienced in meeting his dear and valued friend from over the Atlantic.

"I dine with him, and why not here? You can secure a dinner worthy of Brehant, of the Cafe Riche. We go to a box at the Folies Bergeres afterwards. No. 53. I must leave at eleven, for I have a rendezvous with a rich American widow who is," and the little Frenchman blew a kiss towards a cunning Tom cat, which was frisking with a melon peel on the sauted floor.

The host of the Richelieu provided an excellent dinner, and Joe took particular care to keep Amadie's glass going. Champagne being the beverage on which this son of Gaul was strong, the sparkling sparkled until Amadie's eyes commenced to dance in his head, while he recounted love passages between himself and the amorous widow.

"I cut out a darn roast beef Englishman," exclaimed Amadie: "a captain, a pie eater. I said, my treasure, choose between that phlegmatic person and your adorer. She chose. She was right. Oh, you dog! Tell me of your adventures since your arrival. How many fair hearts have you enslaved? How many daisies have you pressed to your noble bosom? Ah! oh you're a rake, a Don Juan, you are!"

The Folies Bergeres, or "Giddy Sheppardosses" theatre is a very showy, very fast place. It is devoted to variety shows, and to what enterprising managers call "leg pieces." It contains a glass covered winter garden, wherein the cocottes make assignments, or lie in wait for their champagne excited victims. There are refreshment rooms and chatting rooms attached, so that between the acts, or if the performance is not up to the mark, such of the audience as desire it can enjoy themselves in the theatre through the medium of these amours. It is, now that Mabille is abolished, the great rendezvous for the third class members of the demi-monde.

Mr. Potts, accompanied by Monsieur Hercules Amadie, drove up to the Folies Bergeres about ten o'clock. The entire facade of the theatre was illuminated with tiny lamps of electric light. Having paid five francs each, it being a fine night, the two gentlemen entered a long corridor, the walls of which were illuminated by large colored photos of nearly nude nymphs in the most seductive poses.

"I know her," observed Amadie, pointing with his cane to the photograph of a beautifully formed girl of Oriental features. "She's the mistress of Baron Hüllmann now. She'll be here to-night. I'll invite her to our box."

Every box was occupied by a pair, the lady sitting well in front, the gentleman far behind. The entrance of two males caused quite a flutter in a cloud of cocottes who thronged the lobby. Amadie winked at this one, patted that, bowed to a third, and addressed some playful badinage to a fourth.

"Milus tonneres," he exclaimed: "there is Lucie Regnier and Tostine Follette, I'll invite them to our box."

"By all means!" cried Mr. Potts, who in Lucie Regnier recognized the original of the photograph of Baron Hüllmann's mistress. Amadie departed and in a few minutes returned, a lady on each arm.

Lucie, who spoke perfect English with a foreign accent, knew New York from Harlem to the Battery.

"I went over twice," she said, "once with a troupe of blonds. We sang one night in a variety theatre and the place was pulled the next day. Luckily for me, I had captivated a Boston man on the ocean steamer, so I was all right. His wife came along, though, after some weeks and went for his scalp. I re-crossed with a clerk in a French warehouse, who passed off as the principal, and was using the principal's money. He was arrested in Paris, but not until he had presented me with a diamond bracelet worth 10,000 francs. I got wind of what was likely to happen, for he spoke in his sleep; so I decamped for Brussels. I crossed the next year but one, '80, with another American. He was a real good fellow, kind-hearted and wholecloth, so you say. We went West. At Cleveland, where he lived some weeks, he caught a bad cold that settled on his chest. We spent the winter in Florida where he died. He left me fifteen thousand dollars. It was at Key West that I met Baron Hüllmann, my present cher ami. He's not half bad, but is so fearfully jealous that I never speak to a man I care one fig about."

In the back of the box Amadie was exhibiting the warmest admiration for Mademoiselle Tostine Follette. In fact in his present condition he would have made love to his great-grandmother.

"Let's go and have some wine" he cried. "Eh, Potts, mon ami. This is dry work being cooped up here. Don't let me miss my adored Laura, though."

"I don't care for any wine," said Lucie. "Let them go if they have a mind to. I like to take of New York. Do you know that city will be a miniature Paris at the next Centennial."

Lucie talked very pleasantly, and Joe was quite smitten. Alone with her, a beautiful woman, versed in all the arts that bring men to their knees and render them crazy, a delicious perfume coming from her like a subtle thing to intoxicate his senses or robbing him of them altogether. A sweet, low voice just tinged with an accent that rendered it doubly piquant, a form such as Hebe prided herself on, dreamy, voluptuous eyes, now half veiled in languor, now audacious and challenging, Mr. Joseph was scarcely master of himself, and was full of wine and capable of forgetting importunities.

A knock came at the door.

"Come in!" cried Joe, waking as if from a dream.

It was Spoondyke. Yes, the Reverend Jacoby Spoondyke, as large as life.

"Joe, old man, how goes it?" he cried. "I needn't ask, gazing rapturously upon Mademoiselle Lucie. 'Lucky fellow. The prettiest woman in Paris. La plus jolie—"

"Oh, she understands English, Spoon. She's been in New York twice."

"And will again, I hope," added Spoondyke, gallantly. "I heard you were here from the hotel people

and came after you, as I want you to do me a service. Can you come with me?"

"The devil a foot!" said honest Joe, glaring at Lucie.

"My dear fellow, it's absolutely necessary. You can return. Arrange with Mademoiselle for supper anywhere. I want to introduce you to my wife."

"Your what?" cried Joe, in sheer astonishment.

"My wife."

"Never!"

"A fact. Mademoiselle, will you excuse my friend for—say half an hour? I have need of his friendly services. He will give you a rendezvous for supper, of course," said Spoondyke.

"I am quite free this evening. Say the Cafe Riche, or my own quarters—my own quarters, at half-past twelve; 93 Rue Misomenil," said Lucie.

Joe was in ecstasy, and made careful note of the address.

As he passed out with Spoondyke he perceived Monsieur Amadie sitting up wine for full a dozen painted women of the meanest class.

"He won't meet my widow to-night," chuckled Mr. Potts.

"Here he is, my angel," said Spoondyke, as he bundled Joseph into a carriage. "Here he is, mad and anxious to renew his acquaintance with you. Potts, this is Mrs. Spoondyke—my wife."

Joe started violently. It was the elderly, mouldy spinster with whom the Rev. Mr. Spoondyke remained on a visit in London.

This remarkable bride was dressed in the most girlish way, and was all smiles and smiles.

"Oh, dear Mr. Potts," she sniggered, "you must be surprised! My darling Jacoby would have everything his own way, the naughty, naughty fellow! I shall be quite jealous of you, because he could not rest quiet till he saw you. Oh, yes, quite jealous, you horrible hubby nubby," tapping the knuckles of her husband playfully with her fan.

"A regular run away, Joe," laughed Spoondyke, adding under his breath, "beats Miss Burdett Cutts to shavings."

"I know it was foolish of me," giggled the bride, "giddy and unmaidenly, but who can withstand the whisperings of true love, and my Jacoby never loved till he met me."

"Never!" said Jacoby, adding, for Joe's edification, three words from Pinaflore, which I decline to write here, beginning with "Hardly—"

"My hubby dubby has to attend a midnight mission for the heathens, Mr. Potts, and he would not leave me alone, so he asked me to be protected by his best friend."

"Yes, Joe," cried Spoondyke "I have to tear myself away for a few minutes from my dumpy wumpy here," bestowing a coquetish pinch as he spoke, the bride retreating by a playful fan tapping and a bashful cry of "Pie, for shame!"

"You will take care of Mrs. Spoondyke while—"

"But I have an appointment," interrupted Joe, who entertained secret misgivings in regard to the heathen.

"For twelve thirty. I will relieve guard at twelve twenty sharp."

"Really, Spoon, I—"

"All right, old man."

The door of the carriage was banged to, the Rev. Mr. Spoondyke spoke a few words to the driver and the vehicle drove off.

"If he lets up on me I'll pile drive him," muttered Joe.

The bride gushed considerably on her illegitimate lord, landing him to the skies.

"I must use all my influence," she giggled, "to keep him by my side. He is too devoted to the cause of the heathen. All his time, all his money. Poor darling, how delighted I am to be able to share in this noble work—to give my mite. He has no idea of money or its value. Fancy, Mr. Potts, he wanted to give a thousand francs to this meeting to-night. Oh, he is a dear, sweet, precious, pet of a lamb."

After driving for about an hour Joe asked whither they were bound.

"For a drive in the Bois de Boulogne," said the bride.

"Thunder! but we must be in the middle of it," said Joe.

It was pitch dark, and in vain he tried to see the hour by his watch. He had no matches. He stopped the driver and made signs to him to turn. The driver pointed with his whip over the heads of his horses.

"No! no! no!" roared Joe. The driver reluctantly turned his steeds.

"If this is a put up job to fust the old lady on me I'll make his reverence pay for it, or I'll join the No Good Seventh," growled Joe, as, watch in hand, he waited for a light in order to ascertain the hour.

On the drive the bride gushed over her hubby, the darlings increasing instead of diminishing.

"Do you know any French, madam?" suddenly interrupted Joe.

"A little, Mr. Potts."

"Then for heaven's sake ask this fellow where he is taking us."

"I don't think I could put up as much as that. I can say 'Good day,' 'I am thirsty,' 'I am hungry.' If my own precious, darling tumpsy—"

"Ah!" growled Mr. Potts, as he flung himself back in despair, while visions of Lucie Regnier, the beautiful, the voluptuous, the superb, in her magnificent apartments, waiting supper for him, flashed in gorgeous colors through his imagination.

"The idea of losing such a show to be driving about here in the dark with this crazy old hag. May I be laid out by a clam if it ain't enough to make a man commit murder." And he felt inclined to clutch the lean old throat and stop its cackling for ever.

A light at last. The lights of Paris. Joe glanced at his watch.

"H—!" he roared, as the hands showed a quarter past two.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the bride.

He paid no attention. The carriage rumbled across a bridge and pulled up opposite a house in complete darkness. A gas lamp flung its light upon some gilded letters over the door:

"TETE NOIR."

"By heavens!" cried Joe, "we're at St. Cloud. This is where I tumbled with the girls—the very place! Was there ever such luck?"

He had turned the coachman back when that worthy was making for Paris!

It was hard daylight when Mr. Potts deposited the weeping, wrinkled and venerable bride at the door of the Grand Hotel—for here Mr. Spoondyke elected to put up instead of at the Richelieu.

"Another night in Paris gone—and such a show. Wait till I see Mr. Spoondyke," were Mr. Potts' last waking thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"FAKE" AND "FAIRY."

A Dizzy Artiste Befriends a Character Actor with no Character to Speak of.

She Invites the Hamfatter to Her Room to Feed Him and He Skips With Her Jewels.

The fakes and hamfatters are having a bad time of it all around on the dramatic circuits of the far west. In addition to the usual and always-expected discomforts of a railroad life go-as-you-please over long distances, there is a "dead give away" of their crooked capers, and their mixed matrimonial relations on every key blast that filters through the seamy wool of their last year's ulsters. The last fellow of the mob whom fate has got into clanciness, is a Melican man with the stage name of Joe Howard, who started out this season to play the Chinaman in the "Danites" company No. 2. He proved quite as bad as the genuine Celestial whom he pretended to represent. He took to whiskey and got fired from the company. Then he was engaged to play the Celestial with that delectable party the "Alvyn Joslyn" crowd. He got in his fine work this time on a "dizzy" but pretty little actress, whom he is said to have mashed quite thoroughly, and who undertook the task of being his friend.

Howard followed the party around the country until the troupe stopped at Grand Rapids. At this place he drew his pay and started on a little spree that kept him playing the wild heathen Chinese all day and all night. He finally thought himself a whole circus troupe and went at it alone for two or three days without any regard for his engagement at the house of the "widder." When he recovered and started to look for the troupe it had left town. At his hotel he got a letter from the manager telling him that as the company did not want a real Chinaman but only one who could conveniently play that role his services would be no longer required. What became of Joe Howard was not known for several weeks.

About a week ago Mme. L. Mischke, who has been with the Joslyn troupe, returned to Chicago and while walking along the street she met Joe who seemed to be in very hard luck. When he saw the little woman coming he went up to her, told her that he was not only still out of a job but penniless and hungry. She gave him half a dollar on the spot and told him to call on her at her room at the Briggs House and she would give him further assistance until he could "catch on" again.

Joe did not let much time pass before he had spent the money she gave him and presented his face at her room as a supplicant for further favors. She refused to give him money, knowing his habits to be dissolute, but ordered up something from the pantry of the hotel, which he ate in her room while they talked over the varied life of a votary of the histrionic art. Not only did the madame play the Good Samaritan act by appeasing his hunger but she even went so far as to take him down to an agent whom she knew and recommended him for a position. She said when she recommended him that he was a little off but that he would be all right as soon as he entered upon the engagement. She declared that he was a nice little fellow and a good actor and that the agent might consider it a personal favor to her if he would give him a place right away.

"I am doing what I can," she said, "but you know I've got to go away with the Lingard party very soon and I can't take him with me."

During the madame's stay at the Briggs House Howard made himself such a frequent guest of hers that when he was seen coming out of her apartments on the morning of Jan. 22 the watchman and the chambermaid who happened to be in the same hall paid no attention to the circumstance. It was not long however before the lady, who seems to have been at rehearsal, came in and created a sensation in the house by announcing the loss of all her jewelry, valued at more than \$1,000. She had left the door to her room unlocked and the thief had forced the lock of the jewel case, taking all it contained. Her guest was at once suspected and fearing that he had left the city she wrote a note to the agent to know what part Joe had been assigned. The answer came that Joe had not obtained a place. She wrote in reply, "He has stolen all my diamonds."

Detectives Costello and Amstein who were called in to hunt the bogus Chinaman down gave it as their opinion that he was somewhere about the city drinking. Taking a description of a shabbily dressed American with some general resemblance to the Celestial they started out to make a tour of the saloons at 7 o'clock P. M. The second one they entered was under the Sherman House and there they found a man who seemed to fill the bill. He had on good clothes however, new boots and a play hat and the way he was setting them up for the boys would astonish any inhabitant of the far west. He answered readily to the name of Joe and proved to be the man they wanted.

The Alvyn Joslyn party seems to bristle with diamonds, the manager being so completely covered with them that he made the most stunning sensation of many years when he paraded himself last summer on Union Square and paralyzed all the loudest of the fakes. It seems from these last revelations that all the small members of his troupe are proportionately provided with miscellaneous jewelry on small salaries. This Madame Mischke paid I pretty before the interviewing reporters and made light of her loss, saying it was only a thousand dollars—a mere bagatelle. You know, to a member of the Alvyn Joslyn troupe—and hunted that professional pride and the desire to hide evil from the public eye would counsel her to let up on her actor friend.

There will be no prosecution therefore, and the honor of the Joslyns and all the other "fakes" is still safe from damaging inquiries and from logical deductions from the frozen facts of sworn evidence. Oh, she's no "slouch," this Russian soubrette, or she would have no thousand dollars worth of jewelry to lose. She'll never give away the "perfess" for a little thing like a thousand cases, and evidently the Chinese "fake" was well aware of it.

THE WATCHMAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There are romances in the most matter of fact of business, and that of the watchman in a city like New York is no exception to the rule. The adventures and experiences of our watchmen would fill a volume, and an interesting one, too. The tales of robbery and murder, the queer characters of the streets

whom they meet, the odds and ends of fact and fancy that occur to them and come within their ken, would be well worth printer's ink and paper. One episode in the career of a veteran of this sort was told by him self to a GAZETTE artist not long ago, as follows:

"Seven or eight years ago, or maybe ten or a dozen, I had a street to watch up-town. It was all private houses, and the biggest one belonged to a Wall street broker. He was an elderly man with a big family, and they lived in royal style. But about five years back the broker went to smash. He bursted up so high he never came down to business again. His wife had some money of her own, and he lived on it for a while but he got to drinking, and she ended by leaving him with all their children. One night last winter I was trying the doors along here when I found a regular bum, asleep in that entry way there. I roused him out, and who do you think it was but my broker. He'd been a mighty good man to me when he had it, so I gave him all the money I could spare to help him along. A week afterward the watchman down the next block called me just at daylight, after a terrible cold, snowy night. I crossed over, and he told me he'd found a stiff. Sure enough, there was a man, laid out in a doorway, half covered with snow. It was my broker."

"Dead?"

"Well, he was dead drunk, and he really died that afternoon in the Tombs."

There isn't as much of the watchman around New York as there used to be. The police force has been amplified to such an extent that he has been run out of the business to a great extent. But there is enough of him left to remind one of the time when "Past three o'clock and a snowy morning" was a familiar cry to gentlemen returning from the lodge, and when such episodes as our artist depicts were not unfamiliar ones in the city's history.

RED-HOT SLEIGHING.

A Kansas City Beau Carries a Flaming Stove and a Girl in His Cutter.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The New York drummer when he cuts loose in the west goes through antics that would surprise that musty, mouldy mercantile old hunk, his boss, if he could only witness them. But he doesn't and the commercial traveler of the period makes a picnic of his business. This winter the traveling lads have been laying out the selves extensively in enjoying the fine and continuous sleighing in the west. One of these youngsters has fastened to a rich young woman of Kansas City and is in a fair way to marry her. She is inclined to be tyrannical to begin with and has exacted of him the complete abandonment of his prominent vices, chief of which is drinking. He has been compelled to succumb and this has taken the enjoyment from the long sleigh rides in which his innamorata insists he shall still indulge with her.

After being nearly frozen in a blizzard in the early part of January he hit on an idea to effect a novel idea. He put a small stove in his cutter and appeared on the road with a flaming anthracite fire at his knees and a black smoke curling from a yard of stove pipe towering above his head. The turnout presented such a strange appearance that half the teams on the road ran away and there was general consternation, amid which the reckless drummer moved with calm comfort and proud satisfaction with the results of his ingenuity. This rude attempt will probably result in the invention of some warming apparatus for sleighing, a pretty girl being evidently insufficient for the beaux in the heavy weather of Missouri. In the milder climate of Gotham however a pretty girl snuggled closely under the buffalo robes is all the warming apparatus a fellow wants. But then we don't have blizzards and our quality of girls is first-class. It is a pretty tough reflection on the Missouri girls, blizzard or no blizzard, that they can't keep the boys warm in a sleigh without taking a stove along. That's a modern invention that we shall firmly set our face against every time.

A RELIGIOUS MURDER.

A Frenzied Mother Sacrifices Her Three Children at the Call of Heaven.

Another religious maniac. This time in Milwaukee. There, on Jan. 23, Mrs. Helena Ceprek killed her three children, disemboweling them with a butcher knife. The woman, who is aged 23 and good looking, has been married five years. She justified her deed on the ground that her religion required the sacrifice of her offspring. She is undoubtedly crazed by religious theories.

When the police went to the squalid home of the wretched theatre, they found two bloody butcher knives and a blood-stained poker. The floor was bare of carpet, was covered by half-frozen water, the bed contained a pool of blood, and on it lay the corpses of three little girls mutilated and butchered in a manner inexpressibly shocking. The eldest girl, Rosalie, aged 5 years, a flaxen-haired, pretty child, lay with face distorted in agony. There were seven gashes in her white breast, and her abdomen horribly gashed, the entrails protruding. But this butchery seemed little compared with that of the next youngest, Helena, aged three years. This little victim had both legs cut off at the hips, and in a manner that showed they had been torn and sawed. A great piece, too, was torn out of the trunk. The baby, five months old, lay at the top of the bed, and had a more calm and peaceful look, but when the coverlet was turned back it was shown that the infant's arms and legs had been cut off so close to the body that only a red circle showed where the little limbs had been. Under a door knob was a blood stain where the woman had tried to hang herself with a string after committing the awful deed.

THE FOOL'S TRAGEDY.

A Murder and a Suicide in Virginia to Please a Silly Girl.

A horrible tragedy occurred at a country ball in Bedford county, Va., on the night of Jan. 6. A young girl named Idelle Read saucily told a young man named Scott Claytor that he was not calling out the figures of the dance correctly. Claytor retorted so sharply that the girl cried. Then her admirer, Armistead Parksdale, interfered and Claytor talked back to him. Parksdale drew a knife and cut Claytor's throat. The scene that ensued was sickening. The ball room floor was a puddle of blood and the young women had their white dresses smeared with it. In the melee Parksdale escaped. The next morning he borrowed a shot gun from a friend several miles distant, where the news of the murder had not yet reached, and going to the woods blew out his brains.

A DRAMA OF REAL LIFE.

Effects of the Stage Put to Use in Pointing the Climax of a Genuine Tragedy.

All London, Eng., has been for some weeks excited over the remarkable details of the Hounslow tragedy which has in it the elements that are generally drawn on by the dramatists for the most lurid melodramatic pictures and which are generally considered overdrawn for the purposes of stage effect. This popular excitement has arisen from the suicide of Dr. William Whitfield Edwards. It appears that one morning the deceased came home from an interview with his partner, Dr. Whitmarsh, in a very depressed state of mind and soon afterward his wife found him lying in an armchair unconscious, an empty bottle being found near him. A doctor was sent for but Dr. Edwards died in a few minutes.

The same morning a servant found in a drawer a letter in the deceased's handwriting addressed to the *Middlesex Mercury* and marked "Important." It was as follows:

STANLEY HOUSE, BATH ROAD, HOUSLOW, DEC. 27, 1882—12:30 A. M.

SIR—A most foul and horrible charge has been brought against me by a wicked, designing woman. What the motive was God only knows, unless we except the devil. Probably at first she had no thought of the awful consequences of the accusation she was making and once having made her lying statement she felt bound to stick to it. However that may be, there is only one result for me—ruin. Such a charge against a medical man does not require substantiating. It is altogether enough to make it and the man is lost forever as far as this world is concerned. I should have stood my ground and faced the consequences of a trial and I firmly believe have satisfied the jury of my innocence and have put the woman on her trial for perjury, if it were not for that fiend in human form, my partner, Dr. Whitmarsh. This vile wretch—whom may God yet torment with all the tortures of hell both in this world and the next—glad of any pretext for adding to his store of ill-gotten gains, brought pressure to bear upon me to leave the practice and run away from the neighborhood, offered a mean £300 out of £1,000 I paid him fourteen months ago, to retain all book debts, valued by myself before Mr. Garrett and Mr. Lay, at £1,000. I merely mention this to show the motive of his conduct. What is the alternative? If he offers that unless I go he will himself appear as a witness against me, thus assuring my conviction, as what jury could acquit a man that his own partner pretends to believe in his guilt? I am now about to appear before my Maker; I cannot live disowned and dishonored as I shall be whether I leave the neighborhood or whether I stay to confront the perjured witness. At this awful moment I solemnly declare that I am innocent of the charge that has been brought against me—a charge which has its origin in the morbid imagination of a licentious minded, hysterical woman. May God bless and keep my dear wife and little boys, my mother and all, for whom I shall pray. Amen.

WILLIAM WHITFIELD EDWARDS, M. D. BRUX., M. R. C. S., L. S. A.

P. S.—I hope Mr. Barber will do the best he can for my dear ones and I would wish to leave everything to my wife but perhaps that is impossible without a formally witnessed will.

WILLIAM WHITFIELD EDWARDS.

Besides this letter was a paper on which was written the following words, which were also read: "The last words of William Whitfield Edwards. May God curse Michael Whitmarsh."

At the inquest evidence was adduced to the effect that the wife of a laborer whom the deceased had been attending for hysteria had brought a charge of indecent assault against him. This charge the woman afterward withdrew in a letter signed by herself, her husband and Dr. Whitmarsh. At the same time the woman persisted in saying that the charge was true and that she had withdrawn it only because she did not wish to injure Dr. Edwards or his wife. It appeared however that a prosecution was to be instituted and that Dr. Edwards became aware of this and that Dr. Whitmarsh had resolved to give evidence against him late on the night before he committed suicide. There was also a proposal by Dr. Whitmarsh that Dr. Edwards should accept £300 and leave the business, which is explained in the letter which Dr. Edwards wrote before his death.

Since the circumstances of the death of Dr. Edwards became known there has been considerable excitement in the locality and Dr. Whitmarsh, with whom the deceased was in partnership, has been the object of much animosity. On the night of the funeral about two thousand persons assembled round Albenarle House, the residence of Dr. Whitmarsh, and notwithstanding the efforts of forty policemen smashed all the windows and did other damage, besides burning Dr. Whitmarsh in effigy. Dr. Whitmarsh's surgery was also broken into and his carriage was dragged out and broken into splinters.

RAIDING THE "MOONSHINERS."

Thrilling Adventures and Running Fights in an Ohio Wilderness.

The Kentucky 'moonshiners' contribute their share again to the thrilling interest of the news of the day. On the morning of Jan. 17 Major George F. Barnes and a posse of Marshals composed of Dr. Wheelless K. W. Tapscott and Ford Schroeder, started for a raid on the "moonshiners" of Calloway county. They arrived and entered on the 19th the "Old Coolings," the famous moonshine region of Calloway, at daybreak. The old "Coolings" is now an almost impenetrable wilderness of undergrowth, which has been partially explored by Deputy Collector Barnes, who, a few weeks ago, while ostensibly on a hunting expedition, spent several days in the forest of the "Old Coolings," accompanied by dog and gun. During this pseudo hunting trip he located a couple of illicit stills, and hence the raid. After a ride of three miles through the brush the party struck a small illicit still belonging to the Hodges Brothers, located on the bank of a stream known as Yellow Spring Branch. The operators had escaped with the still and worm, leaving five hundred gallons of beer, thirty gallons of whiskey, and fifteen bushels of mash, which were destroyed. From that point the officers traveled through the woods for nine miles to a point within 300 yards of the Tennessee line, where they struck a bonanza in the shape of a distillery in full operation, being run by one Jim Smith, Raz Winan, and four others, all residents of Tennessee.

The establishment consisted of two large copper stills with an estimated capacity of 40 gallons every 24

hours, 12 fermenting tubs, 18 mash tubs, 3 meal-tanks, 3,600 gallons of beer, 36 bushels of mash, and 200 gallons of whiskey. This still was barricaded by falling timber, and a stockade had been erected around it with only one entrance, which fronted an almost impassable bamboo and huckleberry swamp. When within thirty yards of the still the presence of the officers was discovered by the moonshiners, who made a break for the thicket, hotly pursued by the revenue officials with drawn revolvers, who pursued them to the Tennessee line, firing several shots at the fugitives, but were unable to effect their capture. The officers then returned to the still and destroyed everything in sight, to the value of \$1,500.

The destruction of this still was a quick piece of work, and when the officers left, the hills around them were resounding with the yells of the moonshiners, who had been reinforced and were closing in on the officers with the evident intention of bushwhacking them. This raid was made in the daytime, without a guide, and is the first daylight raid that has ever been made in that county. If the attack had been made at night the attacking party would probably have been worsted, if not killed, as the stills at night are heavily guarded by armed men.

THE DUMMY TAKES THE POT.

A Leadville Miner Raised From the Dead by a Game of Cards.

[Subject of Illustration.]

According to a veracious correspondent of ours at a mining camp near Leadville, Colo., old Ben Graham, a noted "tough nut" of whom our readers have heard before, apparently "pegged out" altogether on Jan. 8. To all appearances poor old Ben was dead at last. His New Year's debauch on a fresh breed of unrefined corn juice had been too much and Ben had turned up his toes. So the boys chipped in and gave him a lay out, and there was a meeting of the friends and mourners at his "shebang," to watch the corpse over night. There was plenty of the old stuff about, of course, and the boys drank deeply to keep their spirits up; and as the time of the "wee sma' hours" hung heavily on their eyelids they engaged in a little game of cards while awaiting the welcome daylight, utilizing the dropical area of the dead man's stomach for a table. The game went on very well for an hour, although it was remarked that fortune was suspiciously kind to one of the players, Joe Hallett, in the way of trumps. A certain method he had of thumbing the deck was also considered a point bearing directly on the bias of that fickle jade, the aforesaid fortune.

With a prodigious slap of his hand on the stomach of the corpse Joe ended the fifth game a winner, and was about to take the stakes, in spite of the bellicose opposition of his opponent in the game, when, to the horror of all, the corpse of old Ben arose, with his hand full of trumps, which Joe had concealed under the body, and with these he scooped in the pot, for he wasn't dead at all, and that game revived him.

A JAIL BIRD'S FATAL PLUNGE.

A criminal in the St. Louis jail, Patsy Early by name, grew weary of his life in prison and on Jan. 22 ended his term by a rush into the highest court which is supposed to be approached by tortoise climbing of the golden stairs of poesy fame and metrical story. He got in by a side entrance however. At 3 o'clock on the date mentioned the cell doors were thrown open and the prisoners descended to the yard for the usual afternoon exercise. Early, whose cell was located in the third tier of the section known as murderers' row, came out with the other prisoners. He stood on the gallery looking down at the prisoners who then occupied the floor.

A moment later he bent his form between the iron rails and moving toward a post suspended himself with his head bent forward and downward, holding by his arms which were stretched behind his back. Before those who were looking at him could give the alarm he released his hold, hurling himself down head foremost to the stone floor. His body struck with a sickening sound which resounded through the jail and was echoed by a suppressed cry of horror from the prisoners who saw him take the fatal dive. The jailer was seated at the desk not over fifty feet from where young Early fell. He ran to the spot but only to see the man in the death struggle which lasted but a moment. Early was the 18 year old youth who killed Billy Louderman by shooting him. Louderman was the son of wealthy parents and his murder created considerable comment at the time. Before committing suicide Early wrote a letter bidding his father and mother good-bye.

SHE TALKED TURKEY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At Newark, N. J., Mrs. Grove keeps a boarding house which she calls first-class. Boarding with her is an old man, an inventor of the species crank, who always has a fling at the quality of hash furnished and gives out snarls on the quality of the butter and the strength of the coffee whenever he sits down to a meal. At dinner on Jan. 8 he cast a slur at the turkey. This was too much for Mrs. Grove. She seized the poultry, slapped it in his face and bent him about the head with it. He has sued her for assault and battery and the details promised when the case comes to trial will be assuredly very rich. We promise to keep our readers posted on the developments.

MAKING IT LIVELY FOR THE CABBIES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The storm doorway of the Academy of Music in this city has proved a godsend to the jarvies who await the termination of the performances in that temple of melody on opera nights. They gather in the roomy space walled in with plank and glass from the wind, and not a few of the frail beauties who make a promenade of the street share its comforts with them. The other night a couple of these entertained a select audience with a can-can which led to an eruption on the part of the police. So, for a time at least, our coachmen will not find their waiting time quite as lively as it was.

ON Jan. 17, at Galena, Ohio, Perry Stevens and Dr. Penn while under the influence of liquor had a quarrel which developed into a fight. The struggle was ended by Stevens holding Penn down while he cut his throat, using a common pocket knife and inflicting fatal wounds. Several parties who attempted to rescue Penn were also cut and driven off by Stevens, who then held the village at bay for several hours. In the confusion the wounded man crawled off and was some time afterward found in a lane. Stevens escaped and is still at large.



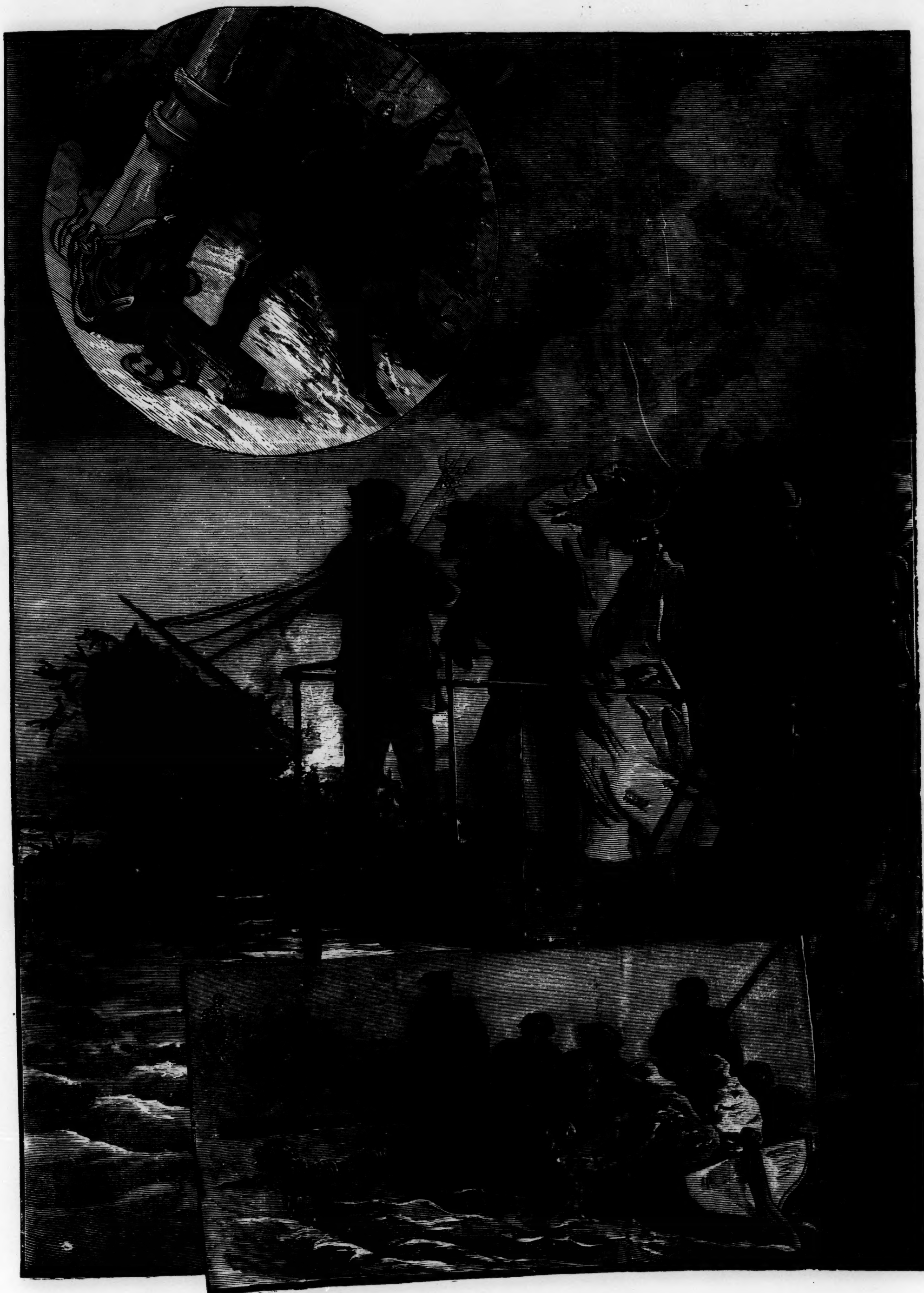
A GALLERY OF PRIZE BEAUTIES.

JOE POTTS GETS HIS PICK OF A FANCY LOT OF FREE AND EASY FAIRIES WITH WHOM HE ENJOYS HIMSELF, AS MAY BE SEEN IN "PARIS
INSIDE OUT," - PAGE 6.



A HORROR OF THE SIERRAS.

A RAILROAD TRAIN AT TEHACHAPI PASS, CAL., RELEASED FROM THE GRIP OF ITS BRAKES, SLIDES DOWN A STEEP MOUNTAIN GRADE, IS
DASHED TO PIECES AND IS BURNED UP WITH ITS SLEEPING PASSENGERS.



DEATH IN A SHROUD OF FOG.

THE LATEST TRAGEDY OF THE WILD NORTH SEA—THE STEAMSHIP CIMBRIA SENT TO HER DOOM WITH AN ARMY OF PASSENGERS, WHILE HER MURDERER SAILS AWAY TO THE TUNE OF "BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES" BY THE FULL BAND.

A RUSH TO DEATH.

A Pacific Train Dashes Down a Steep Grade to Destruction.

Road Agents Accused of Loosing the Brakes and Sending the Passengers to an Awful End.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The most thrilling and disastrous of railroad accidents yet recorded among the many that have occurred in this young year, so fruitful thus far in fatal and horrible events to the traveler, was the wreck and ruin of the train on the Southern Pacific road on the night of the 19th inst. At Tehachapi station, on the mountains, the breaks lost their grip and the train went sliding down the steep mountain grade at the rate of seventy miles an hour, ending in a roll off the track, a general smash up and a conflagration in which most of the passengers who had not been crushed to death were burned up. When the locomotive was temporarily detached from the cars at the top of the grade the brakemen were not at their posts, and the train, starting off, could not be controlled. Mr. Howard Tilton, of Yale, British Columbia, was on the train and gives the following description of the awful ride to destruction:

I was asleep in a lower berth when the accident occurred. I was awakened by the terrible speed and the rocking of the car. I threw up the curtain and looked out of the window and perceived that the train was dashing down grade with frightful rapidity at a rate of probably seventy miles an hour. I realized that a disaster was imminent, and laid down again to await the inevitable with the feeling a man must experience when he is standing on a scaffold in expectation of the fall of the trap. It seemed only an instant when the crash came and I was hurled from my berth. I had been sleeping on the left side of the car, which fell upon its right side, and I was covered to my waist with mattresses, woodwork and debris, but found no difficulty in freeing myself. Smoke passed through the car, giving timely token of the impending peril. To the right and in my rear I saw Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe perfectly free, but Miss Petersen, the maid, was buried under about six feet of debris, on the top of which was a water cooler and a wash basin. Mrs. Ashe was endeavoring to extricate her, and I assisted in clearing away the rubbish. We soon succeeded in pulling her out. They were the only persons in sight. I pushed up the window on what was then the top of the car and found it to work perfectly, not a pane having been crushed. I crawled through and drew Miss Petersen out, and Mrs. Ashe followed. I asked Porter Ashe to throw me out some blankets, which he did and then crawled through himself. Mr. Ashe, Miss Petersen and myself had only our underclothing on, but Mrs. Ashe wore a sashkin sash.

The cold was intense, and we shivered, even though wrapped in blankets. Deep stillness followed the crash, and we heard only one scream while we were in the car. I saw Mr. Hatch and his mother climbing out of another window. I ran along and found we could reach the ground by means of the platform. I lowered Miss Petersen, Mr. and Mrs. Ashe, leaping to the ground. The upper part of the car by this time was in flames. Passing along by the sleeper I saw the legs of a man protruding from a car. He was pitifully calling for help. He appeared calm and thoroughly conscious of his position. I succeeded in partially extricating him when a train man came to my assistance and we saved him from a horrible death. He proved to be John F. Cassell, of San Francisco, and he was the last person taken alive from the ruins.

All human efforts were of no further avail, as the sleeper was in a sheet of flame. We left the spot and limped down to the bottom of the ravine some fifty feet below, where we found ex-Governor Downey, Mr. Cassell, Mr. and Mrs. Ashe, Miss Petersen, Captain Waterhouse and daughter, and a few other persons scattered about slivering in the cold blast. Among the rocks on the steep-side of the slope lay Wright, the porter, wounded to death and begging piteously for help. At this time there were some big strong men, fully dressed, parading up and down who were appealed to for aid by the injured, but who took no notice whatever of their cries of suffering. I attempted to assist Wright, who was dying, but being worn out I could do but little. A brakeman named McKenzie did all in his power for us.

A locomotive from Tehachapi soon came to our assistance and conveyed us to the station, where we arrived two hours after the accident occurred. Here we were kindly cared for by railroad officials and others. Medical aid was rendered and every thing done to relieve our necessities. The locomotive then returned to the scene of the disaster and brought to the station the injured passengers. Miss Squires, who was killed, had occupied the berth opposite mine. In front of the berth of Miss Squires Mr. Oliver, the county clerk of Lake county, was sleeping. He was burned to death. His wife was not with him. The next berth contained Mr. and Mrs. Cassell.

All on my side of the car, with the exception of Mrs. ex-Governor Downey, were saved. Porter Ashe, wife and maid occupied the drawing room car. In the dining-sleeping car were a lady and her daughter, who, I believe, were Mrs. and Miss Brown. Captain Waterhouse, his wife and two children were also in this car. There were only a few persons in the dining car who escaped, and they were more or less injured. One of the tramps who was killed jumped from the train while it was moving at lightning speed, and the other was crushed horribly in the wreck.

The railroad men being blamed, allege that the breaks were tightly fastened, and that a party of road agents loosened them with the design of running away with the train and robbing the passengers at a safe distance. This view of the case will add to the anticipated horrors of a journey across the continent in the future.

JOHN L. GROVE.

[With Portrait.]

The subject of this sketch is a resident of Ottawa, Ill., and has been in the horse business for eighteen years. He began campaigning through the west with a stable of runners and had some popular winners, among them Crankcase, which landed quite large purses for two or three years. Thinking there was as

much money in trotters, Mr. Grove turned his attention to them. About the first we find him with was the world renowned Captain Jack, now driven by Wm. H. VanDerbilt. This horse won race after race and made a record of 2:21. Afterward Mr. Grove had Gypsy King and John W. To each of these he gave 2:27. Callahan Maid he drove to a record of 2:30, as he did Dan Vosburg. To Stony Branch he gave 2:33. In 1881 he drove the famous two mile horse Stranger through the grand circuit and every race was at his mercy. It was a common saying at that time: "Grove, you need not start to-day. We award you first money." He was a hard horse to beat in his class, and to Grove belongs the credit of his great speed. The records show that this gentleman was usually pretty near the front and his success indicates him a competent handler and driver.

A CORPSE DETECTIVE.

A Husband Counterfeits Death and Catches His Wife and Her Lover Dead to Rights.

An actor of one of the fly-by-night troupes that have lately walked back from Texas tells the following thrilling story: While traveling through Arkansas playing in the smallest of one-night stands the company met with a series of disasters that left them finally stranded in the vicinity of Fort Smith. Two of the members, well known in the profession as song and dance men, Hall and Thompson, started on a tramp for Fort Smith through the lonesome country region. Night came on, when, being without food or shelter, they stopped at a small house and asked the woman who answered their knock for supper and a night's lodging.

"Wal, boys," she answered, "my old man's just died and his body's here in the house, so it ain't exactly a time for company, but bein's yer in such a fix I reckon yer may come in."

Entering, they were ushered into a room where the apparently dead body of the husband lay stretched motionless upon the bare floor and the woman stirred about to get them something to eat. In one corner of the room was the bed they were to occupy and though the night's prospect was a rather ghastly one they were too tired to wait long after their meagre meal before retiring. They had not been long in bed when a second knock again summoned the woman to the door. The visitor this time evidently was not a stranger, for the woman welcomed him with warmth and conducted him to an adjoining room.

After a few minutes had elapsed what was the horror of the actor on the outside of the bed at seeing the supposed corpse cautiously assume a sitting posture. Half paralyzed with fear he hastily shook his comrade's arm just in season for both to see the resuscitated husband turn his head slowly toward them. Putting his fingers significantly to his lips he whispered: "Sh-h-h, I'm only playin' this on my wife for the sake of ketchin' her."

Then rising and walking softly to a corner and grasping an axe that stood there he went into the room where his wife and her guest had gone.

A few terrible blows were soon heard and the sound of a brief struggle, when the husband re-entered, his weapon dripping with blood. Taking the actors to the scene of the tragedy he calmly pointed out to their horror-stricken gaze the headless trunks of his wife and her paramour lying upon the blood stained bed clothes. Then he allowed them to go trembling back to bed, a privilege of little value at such a time, sleep being out of the question. In the morning he compelled them to aid in digging a grave and burying the bodies, after which he said:

"Now strangers, I heard yer tell my wife who yer were and whar yer bound. I'm not going to trouble yer. But yer can just pick up yer traps and git and if ever yer let on a word o' whar yer saw here last night it'll go hard with yer."

It is needless to add that the variety artists were not slow to resume their weary journey and for a long time they heeded the husband's warning. But one day in St. Louis one of them revealed the occurrence to the theatrical man who now relates the story and he immediately verified it by conversation with the other. The "fakes" swear to this but we are confident they lie.

MARSH T. POLK.

The Defaulting State Treasurer of Tennessee, Who Got Away With \$400,000.

[With Portrait.]

We present in this number an excellent portrait of Marsh T. Polk, the defaulting treasurer of Tennessee, who made away with \$400,000 of the state funds entrusted to him during a year, by speculations in Wall street. When the year came in and it was announced that his accounts were to be examined he skipped out and after making a desperate effort to reach the silver mines which he had purchased in Mexico, he was captured in Texas near the border and taken back to Nashville. Marsh T. Polk is a nephew of ex-president James K. Polk and a member of one of the first families of Tennessee. He got the chance to get away with so large a stake in this way:

Two years ago the legislature levied a tax to pay the interest on certain funded bonds and the tax collected amounted to \$300,000. Before he could pay this money over to the creditors parties opposed to the settlement filed an injunction and the supreme court declared the act unconstitutional. The amount then lay unclaimed in Polk's hands and he made amazingly free with it, as the sequel proved.

A PRECOCIOUS TEXAN.

A Twelve Year Old Boy Robs a Post Office and Attempts to Bulldoze the Law.

Talk about precocity in crime! How's this specimen from Texas? Philip Samuel Fleming, alias Philip Tice of Dallas, Texas, the 12 year old post office robber, who stole a \$50 United States draft from H. F. Doll's lock box in the Shreveport, La., post office, on Jan. 3, indorsed it and tried to sell it, had a preliminary examination before the United States Commissioner on the 4th inst., and was jailed for his appearance at the next Court in default of the \$50 bond. He showed unusual shrewdness during the trial for one so young and attempted to defend his own case. He said his mother resides in Dallas with his step-father, A. W. Tice, who is a carpenter there, working at Kline's shop. He declared the toughest juvenile specimen that has ever strayed out of the limits of Texas, and the estimate is undoubtedly true.

A MATCHLESS HORROR OF THE SEA.

A German Steamer Run Down in a Fog and Four Hundred Souls Sent to Eternity.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Hamburg-American steamer Cimbria was run down by an English steamer on Jan. 19, in a heavy fog, shortly after leaving the mouth of the river Elbe. The German vessel sank in a few minutes after the collision, with all on board, the captain of the English steamer sailing away with the shrieks of over three hundred drowning men, women and children ringing in his ears, and never pausing a moment to afford what relief he might. A sample of the English hog pure and simple. The Cimbria left Hamburg on Jan. 18, with 402 passengers and a crew including officers of 92. She began with disaster, running aground before leaving the Elbe, but was hauled off into deep water by the steamer Hansa, and put to sea. On Friday morning, Jan. 19, in a thick fog off Borkum, the vessel came into collision with the Hull (English) steamer Sultan.

The Cimbria was terribly shattered, and sank almost before there was time to get out a boat. The Sultan was also badly injured, but continued on her way and reached the Elbe in safety. After the collision the officers of the German steamer worked bravely to save the lives of those under their care. Life belts were distributed among the passengers and orders were given to lower the boats. Owing to the heeling over of the vessel, this became impossible on one side of the ship. The boats on the upper side, however, were launched. The vessel went down while the second officer was cutting away spars to add to the floating wreckage to which the passengers might cling. A survivor from the Cimbria makes the following statement:

"The weather was clear up to a quarter past one o'clock, but a fog then set in which continued and increased in density. The engines of the Cimbria were kept at full speed until half-past one o'clock, then at half speed until two o'clock, after which they were kept at slow speed. About ten minutes past two o'clock the whistle of another steamer was heard, and the engines of the Cimbria were stopped instantly. The Sultan's green light was, owing to the fog, not observed until she was only 150 feet off from the Cimbria. The latter was struck about the first collision bulkhead, on the port side, and she heeled over to starboard and speedily sank."

Six steamers were sent out to search for survivors but none were found. The cold at the time of the disaster was so intense, that many were frozen to death while floating on the wreckage. There were thirty-nine persons saved in one of the boats, and the total number known to be saved is only 56, the rest having perished within a few minutes after the foundered vessel cast them upon the icy waters. Captain Cuttill, of the Sultan, declared that he cruised around the spot for five hours to pick up the passengers of the Cimbria, but could hear no cries for help, and then proceeded on his way. The survivors unite in giving the Englishman the lie, and declare that he sailed away with the death cries of four hundred doomed men, women and children ringing in his ears. The survivors who escaped by the boats, say that the water was covered with dead bodies supported by life belts, the severe cold having been fatal to all who plunged into the water in the vain hope to escape.

When the ship was found to be sinking the scenes on board were terrible. A band of six American Indians who had been exhibiting in Germany, and who were passengers on the ill-fated steamer, made a rush for the boats and a desperate fight ensued, the sailors driving them off with blows from axes. The captain could not control the five hundred terror-stricken women and children and an awful scene resulted. Men, women and children shrieked and screamed and fought desperately for places in the boats, and the occupants had to fight them off to keep the boats from being swamped. Only three women were among the saved.

The vessel sank in fifteen minutes after the collision, but even if more time had been given for preparation there were not facilities for the escape of even one third of the passengers. The captain of the Sultan is under arrest, and his conduct will be investigated. The steamer company will also be overhauled for failing to provide adequate life-saving apparatus.

HE BULLDOZED THE TOWN.

A Cowboy Makes The Procession Move at a Lively Pace.

Here's the last thrilling story of cowboy outrage sent us by a San Francisco correspondent:

Mojave Station, on the Southern Pacific, was the scene of wild excitement on the night of Jan. 5 the turmoil increasing as train No. 22, bound to San Francisco from Los Angeles, entered the depot. It was about 6 o'clock, and the light peculiar to the prairie cast a dim uncertain shade over the four wooden shanties composing the town and over the depot and stationary train. The passengers betook themselves to the hotel for dinner and noticed with no little fear scattered groups of men who conversed in low tones. The four buildings which constitute the town of Mojave are built in line, facing the railroad depot. These consist of an end saloon, a grocery store, the hotel and the hotel proprietor's residence. From the corner saloon, about 6 o'clock on this night, issued a cowboy. His black slouch hat, bullet hole and shabby, a rough great-coat, flannel shirt, conjuray trousers and top-boots denoted the desperado, whose conviction was speedily strengthened by his drunken movements. The rough leaned against the walls of the saloon eager for sport, which presented itself in the shape of man and dog. "I say, Captain, is that dog yours?" said he, pointing to a handsome retriever which was lying at the feet of the man thus addressed. The answer was in the affirmative, when the questioner hauled out a pistol and fired point-blank at the dog, narrowly missing both. He then by way of diversion fired at some men standing a few yards distant. His drunken play was alarming, but still the men declared that there was nothing much to be alarmed at, as he had been shooting all the afternoon and had not yet hit anybody.

One of the crowd at last cried out: "Here comes McDonald, he will settle his hash for him." By this time the cowboy had entered the hotel, and was standing at the bar questioning the passengers as to their departure. Shortly after, five shots in rapid succession were heard, and soon the cowboy thrust half his body out of the hotel door and fired at all he could see. Soon the space between the train and the hotel was clear; men rushed headlong for the cars, others fled to the desert. The shooting ceased and a melancholy cortege left the hotel sustaining a half-dying man in their arms.

It was the man McDonald. His friends supported him to a car and laid him down in a berth, where he received the prompt assistance of Dr. Meyers, of Sheridan, Io. His wounds were three—one through the neck causing an ugly though not dangerous wound, another through the shoulder-blade, and the third through the ribs. The man sunk rapidly, and in a few moments all would have been over with him but for the fortunate circumstance of the presence of a doctor on the train.

The cowboy in a few moments demanded to see his victim. He sat alongside the berth, and expressed himself deeply grieved at the circumstance. "It was your fault, Jim," he said; "you fired the first shot; now, didn't yer? You gave me a neat call, Jim; ye know ye did, and I did it in defense. I'll pay for you, Jim, I'll telegraph for a doctor. I have money. It ain't my ambition to kill a man."

The doctor forbade further conversation, as it only irritated the wounded man and caused altercation between the two. The cowboy expressed his determination to follow the wounded man Bakersfield, and then nurse him till he got well, so they should be able to meet in a fair and open fight. The cowboy then swaggered up and down the car, and it was only by much persuasion that he was led into the caboose. He said his name was J. J. Wilson, of Bishop's Creek. He did not know the other man. The wounded man, in answer to inquiries, declared they were engaged at cards, and that he fired the first shot in self-defense.

HOW THEY DO IT IN CHICAGO.

A Thousand Dollar Present to His Wife Opens a Husband's Eyes to Her Racket.

They are at it all along in Chicago, and the details of rich cases are still coming out in prompt succession. A high life scandal loomed out above the rest, however, on Jan. 16, when a suit was begun by John D. Weber, a prominent citizen of Chicago, for \$25,000, against Col. Abner Taylor, a prominent politician and capitalist. The charge, boldly made in the language of the law, is criminal conversation with plaintiff's wife, Ella P. Weber, on Oct. 1, 1882, and at other times before and since. Mr. Rufus King appeared for the plaintiff and Mr. Leonard Swett for the defendant. Mr. King said in his opening that Weber married his second wife in 1868; that she was a very beautiful woman, well known to Weber before her marriage, and that she and her husband lived very happily together for four or five years. Taylor made her a costly wedding present, and six years afterward presented her with a one thousand dollar diamond brooch. This opened Weber's eyes, and he soon learned that his wife was in the habit of visiting the sleeping apartment of Taylor at his office. Mrs. Weber, he said, had spent several nights with Taylor locked in his office bed room. The result was that she deserted her husband altogether, and completely wrecked his happiness.

Mr. Swett, in his opening, denied any intimacy whatever with Mrs. Weber. Weber and a wife quarreled because she would not let him handle a little money which she had inherited from a former husband. The suit, he said, was simply a blackmailing suit, to be sustained by perjury. Mrs. Weber had sued her husband for divorce for desertion, and he had answered her bill without saying anything about her having committed adultery. Mr. Taylor, he said, meant to fight the case to the bitter end, and make war on every witness who swore to any lies to help Weber blackmail him. Mr. Weber was the first witness called, and said he had lived in Chicago since 1847. In 1863 he married Ella P. Ridgely. He was happy for four years. He was then worth about \$100,000. One day his wife received a diamond brooch worth about \$1,000. She also received a seventy dollar marble top table for a wedding present. He had spent about \$16,000 on her. He gave her a horse and carriage, and she never did a day's work in her life. Her affection for him began to wane then, and at last she cared nothing for him. She used to call, in October, November and December, 1873, at Taylor's rooms and stay over night. He suspected her and watched her. She was boarding during these months with a friend of hers on C. lunet avenue. He used to go there to see her but she was always out. He traced her to Taylor's office. He tried the door after she entered and it was locked.

Taylor went to Europe, and when he came back these visits were renewed. Mrs. Weber used to spend three hours in his office on Sundays. Plaintiff's wife left him for good May 3, 1879. Taylor was reputed to be worth at least \$300,000. His wife's visits to Taylor's office were made generally at 11 o'clock in the morning. He watched his wife a number of times. He was always hid in a doorway across the street. Whenever he saw her enter Taylor's door he tried the door and it was always locked. He did not know whether Taylor ever called at his residence to see his wife, and he never invited him to do so. He didn't say that he ever had an overwhelming curiosity to see what was going on the other side of the locked door, or that he ever thought of breaking the door down.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Diver Sources.

JOHN, Annie and Laura Kodisch, of Waterbury, Wis., are in jail awaiting trial for the murder of their mother on December 13. They got the old lady safely into her grave but the gossiping neighbors aroused suspicion. The body was exhumed on January 4, and several terrible wounds were found on it.

Tire city of Ogden, Utah, is filling up with gamblers, desperadoes and hard characters generally, who have been driven from the railroad camps of the north by the late severe snow storms. Several robberies and outrages have occurred lately, and the police being found powerless to protect the citizens, a vigilance committee was organizing on the 5th inst.

A RAVISHER MARKED.

A Young Woman Bites Off Her Negro Assailant's Finger and Produces It in Evidence.

On Jan. 5, a negro attempted to ravish a young white lady at Henderson, Texas. She made a good fight though, and in the course of the struggle bit off one of his fingers. A party hunting for the villain the next day came upon a darky in the suburbs with a missing finger. They dragged him before the young lady, she produced the bitten off piece of his finger, and as it fitted exactly the evidence was considered sufficient, to convict him. A mob of five hundred men broke open the jail that night, and taking the negro out hanged him to a tree in front of the principal hotel.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

"Police Gazette" Official Record of Ring Events for 1882.

The Victorious and Vanquished Fistic Heroes Who Have Battled for Fame and Fortune in the Arena.

July 17—Joe Frick and El Eggars fought for \$200. Frick won in 4 r., Louisville, Ky.

July 17—John L. Sullivan and Tug Wilson fought with gloves. Sullivan failed to knock him out in four minute rounds at Madison Square Garden, N. Y. city.

July 20—Billy Devlin and W. P. Hoffman fought with hard gloves for \$100. 18 r., draw; Atkin, Minn.

July 20—Bibb Sax and Jimmy Roach fought for a purse, 13 r., draw; Carondelet, St. Louis.

July 21—Owen Judge and Dan O'Connell fought with gloves for \$250. Judge won in 3 r., San Francisco, Cal.

July 23—Johnny McLaughlin and Puck Lane fought for a purse. McLaughlin won in 2 r., 23m., at Calvary Cemetery, L. I.

July 26—Jim Furst and Red Wilson fought for a purse, 7 r., 13m., draw; Oakley Grove, Cincinnati.

July 27—Jack Carter and Charley Young fought 5 r. Both were arrested and put under \$1,000 bail; Camden, N. J.

July 31—Jim Campbell and George Tuppert fought for \$400. Tuppert won in 9 r., foul, Williamsburg, Colo.

Aug. 1—Pat Perry and Pete Breslin fought for \$500. Breslin won in 5 r., 35m.; London, Eng.

Aug. 1—Jim Simmons and Matt Hahn fought for \$100. Hahn won in 4 r., Fort Lyon, Colo.

Aug. 1—Michael Rudden and John Donnelly fought for an hour; police interfered; Brockton, Mass.

Aug. 1—Ned Vaughan and Jack Carlton fought with hard gloves for a purse. Vaughan won in 7 r., 15 m.; Cohoes, N. Y.

Aug. 1—Edward McCollum and Charley McCoy fought with gloves for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, representing the light-weight championship of Pennsylvania. McCoy won in 3 r. at Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 2—Frank A. Cook and El. N. Scudder, both cadets, fought, Cook winning in 4 r., at West Point.

Aug. 4—Jim Moriarty and Ed. Keenan fought for a purse. Moriarty won in 6 r.; Louisville, Ky.

Aug. 5—John Ward and John Brooks fought with gloves for \$1,000. Ward won in 3 r.; Milwaukee, Wis.

Aug. 7—Henry Dewitt and John M. Bryant fought with gloves for \$100, 31 r., 1h. 23m., draw; Montreal, Canada.

Aug. 9—Jack Davis and Jim Owens fought for \$50. Owens won in 11 r., 22m.; Irving, Pa.

Aug. 13—Cockey Turnbull and Al Schalkenbach fought 12 r., 43m. Turnbull won; Flushing, L. I.

Aug. 17—Dangerous Potter and Yank Scott fought for a purse. Potter won in 4 r.; Crestline, Ohio.

Aug. 20—Charles Hart and Plug Martin fought for \$100. Hart won in 10 r., 43m.; Chicago, Ill.

Aug. 22—James Fell and Tom McManis fought for \$100 a side. Fell won in 14 r., 20m.; Rich Hill, Kan.

Aug. 23—Billy Lynch and Ed Whelan fought for \$400. Lynch won in 10 r., Wheelock's Grove, East St. Louis.

Aug. 26—Tug Wilson and Jim Elliott matched to fight Nov. 23 for \$2,500 a side but the former sailed for England Aug. 30 and failed to keep his promise to come back; N. Y. city.

Aug. 28—Charles Oren and Geo. Emerson fought for \$50. Emerson won; fatal to Oren; at Sancelito, Marion county, Cal.

Aug. 28—Lew Phillips and Dick Bolt fought for \$50. Bolt won; Ramsay, Ill.

Aug. 30—Tug Wilson and George Holden sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool.

Sept. 1—Jack Devlin and Frank Thane fought with hard gloves for \$100. Thane won in 6 r.; San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 1—Patrick Rice and Jack McDonald fought for \$50. Rice won in 3 r.; Barrow in Furness, Eng.

Sept. 3—Billy McCollum, the boxer, shot Viro Small (Black Sam) in O'wney Geoghegan's saloon, N. Y. city.

Sept. 3—Billy Linn and Joe Silvers fought for a purse and the championship of Colorado. Linn won in 1 r., Silver Cliff, Colo.

Sept. 4—Jim Hurst and Pete Kelly fought for a purse. Hurst won in 3 r.; Montreal, Canada.

Sept. 7—James Cooke and Stephen Wheeler fought for \$50. Cooke won in 20 r., 55m.; Enfield Eng.

Sept. 13—James Edwards, pugilist, died, aged 37 years; London, Eng.

Sept. 16—McCoy and Golding fought with gloves for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, representing the light-weight championship of Pennsylvania. McCoy won. Pastime Park, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sept. 18—Harry Gilstrap, a notorious shooter and desperate character of Querido, Colo., had a dispute with Billy Linn, the Nevada pugilist. Gilstrap pulled a revolver and attempted to shoot Linn, who knocked him down, wrenched the pistol from him, and pounded him with it until he was left senseless.

Sept. 26—John L. Sullivan and Henry Higgins. Sullivan knocked him out in 3 r. Buffalo, N. Y.

Sept. 26—James Elliott, the pugilist, was arrested on the stage of the Alhambra as he was about to spar with George Rooke, because he had signed articles to engage in a prize fight with Tug Wilson. New York City.

Sept. 29—Wm. McCollum sentenced to 13 months imprisonment for shooting Viro Small, alias Black Sam. New York City.

Oct. 1—Bat Mullins challenged Tug Wilson to box him four rounds, three of four minutes each, and the final five minutes Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. England.

Oct. 1—Pat Perry and Jim Carney were matched to fight for \$500 a side and the light-weight championship of England.

Oct. 2—Tom Sweeney, the pugilist, of New Haven, Conn., challenged any man in America, at 140 lbs., with or without hard gloves, for \$500 a side.

Oct. 3—Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE paid \$50 on account of prize fight arranged between Tug Wilson and Jim Elliott, owing to the English champion refusing to return to America. New York City.

Oct. 4—John Stiles, Jim Elliott's backer, posted \$1,000 and issued a challenge, offering to match Elliott

against any man in the world, for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. New York City.

Oct. 8—Jack Brady and Pat Sheperon fought. Brady won in 13 r., 40 m. St. Louis, Mo.

Oct. 9—George Rooke accepts Jim Elliott's challenge to fight for \$1,000 a side. New York City.

Oct. 13—Dennis June and Joe Oliver, two colored pugilists, fought with hard gloves for a purse. June won in 12 r., 60 m. San Francisco, Cal.

Oct. 18—Andrew Sweeney and John Hanley fought for \$1,000. Sweeney won in 3 r. (foul). Kansas City, Mo.

Oct. 18—Dick Egan and Wm. J. Shipman fought with gloves for \$100. Egan was knocked out in 3 r., at Schenectady, N. Y.

Oct. 17—George Rooke and Mike Cleary fought with gloves. Rooke was badly basted and knocked out. Alhambra, New York City.

Oct. 21—Mike O'Brien and Frank Frayne fought with gloves for a purse. O'Brien won in 20 r. San Francisco, Cal.

Oct. 22—Harry, alias Nobby Hall, ex-pugilist, died at his residence in Birmingham, in the 42d year of his age.

Oct. 22—Bryan Campbell and William Linn fought with hard gloves for \$50. Linn won in 8 r., 37 m. (foul). South Pueblo, Colo.

Oct. 27—Tom Allen, ex-champion of America, returns to this country, arrives at Boston.

Oct. 29—Jem Mace and George Belcher fought with gloves for a \$1,000 purse. Mace won in 4 r. Christ Church, New Zealand.

Oct. 33—Wm. H. Borst, well known in pugilistic circles, died. New York City.

Oct. 31—Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, offered to match Tom Allen against any pugilist in America, John L. Sullivan preferred, for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side. New York City.

Nov. 4—George Rothwell and Bush Kelly fought for 1 h. 15 m. Rothwell won. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Nov. 11—Tom Faunsey and Jack M. Regan were to have fought with hard gloves, but Regan showed the white feather and backed out, at Boston, Mass.

Nov. 13—Dave Daly and Jim Stillwell fought for a purse, 20 r. (draw.) West Kansas.

Nov. 15—William H. Cuth and John P. Clow, fought for POLICE GAZETTE medal, representing the middle-weight championship of Colorado. Clow won in 17 r., 1 h. 40 m. West Denver, Colo.

Nov. 20—Tommy Carndon and Jim Dornan fought for \$100. Carndon won in 19 r., 55 m. Bayonne, N. J.

Nov. 22—Tomkins Gilbert, the pugilist who accompanied Tom Allen to this country, returned to England on the Bothnia, owing to a dispute he had with Allen in Jim Coyne's sparring house in Newark, N. J.

Nov. 23—James Elliott and Captain James Dalton fought with gloves. Dalton was knocked out. Chicago, Ill.

Nov. 27—Tom Allen had his benefit in Madison Square Garden and wound up with George Rooke, which was a very tame affair. Madison Square Garden.

Nov. 28—A. P. Zilz and James Kelly fought for a purse. Zilz won in 11 r. (foul). New Haven, Conn.

Dec. 1—John S. Barnes and Joe Duchamp fought for \$300. Barnes won in 16 r. in 45m. (foul). St. Vincent, Manitoba.

Dec. 1—Ben. Kline and Elmer Watson fought 13 r. Kline won. Reynoldsville, Pa.

Dec. 1—Mike Numan died, aged 33 years, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dec. 5—John P. Clow and John H. Brennan, second glove contest for the POLICE GAZETTE medal representing the middle-weight boxing championship of Colorado. Clow won in 12 r. in 57m. Leadville, Colo.

Dec. 5—George Rooke, the pugilist, shot Johnny Stack in the right wrist and left arm in Ed Matthew's saloon, 27th street, N. Y. City.

Dec. 5—Toney Carney and Jack Manly fought for \$100. Manly won in 28 r. in 1h. 10m. Valley City, D. T.

Dec. 7—Morris Grant and Charles Hadley—fifth competition for the POLICE GAZETTE medal representing the colored heavy-weight championship of America. Great interest was manifested in this contest owing to the fact that each of the competitors had won the trophy twice and this was the final battle to determine the ownership. Hadley won in 3 r. Harry Hill's, New York City.

Dec. 7—Joe Coburn, ex champion pugilist of America, released from confinement at Sing Sing, N. Y.

Dec. 7—Jack Kling and Pat Kelly were to have fought for \$500, but Kelly refused to fight and the affair ended in a fizzle.

Dec. 8—Bill Savage and Jack Connolly fought with hard gloves for \$100. Connolly won in 1 r., knocking Savage out of time. San Francisco, Cal.

Dec. 9—Oliver Riley and Jack Palmer fought with gloves for a purse. Palmer won in 45 minutes at Patsy Hogan's, San Francisco, Cal.

Dec. 9—Billy McClusky and Ed Phillips fought with gloves for \$100 and gate receipts. McClusky won in 10 r. in 22m. at Crystal Falls, Mich.

Dec. 10—Jimmy Welch and Jack Jones fought for \$250 a side. Jones won in 10 r. in 1h. 35m. Williamsburg, Colo.

Dec. 11—J. McDonald and Frank Anthony fought for \$100. Anthony won in 9 r. at Knife Falls, Mich.

Dec. 11—Joe Martell and Jack Howard fought for \$150. Howard won in 7 r. in 26m. San Francisco, Cal.

Dec. 13—Tom Davis and Hen. Keats fought with hard gloves for \$200. Davis won in 6 r. (foul). Butte City, Montana.

Dec. 15—Jimmy Kelly and Frank White fought with gloves for a purse. Kelly won in 7 r. Boston, Mass.

Dec. 18—Tommy Crandler and Jack Lites fought with gloves. Lites won in 3 r. Chicago, Ill.

Dec. 18—Michael Scanlon and Timothy Crawley fought with hard gloves for \$100. Scanlon won in 4 r. Lynn, Mass.

Dec. 20—Jack Reisenhausen and Charley Gilson fought for a purse, 10 r.; draw. Allegheny, Pa.

Dec. 22—John L. Sullivan and James Elliott, glove fight, prohibited by the authorities, at Chicago, Ill.

Dec. 22—Charles Mitchell won the championship of England in the boxing tournament held at London, Eng.

Dec. 23—Frank White and George Fullames fought with gloves for a \$500 purse. White won in 7 r. This was one of the most desperate glove fights ever witnessed in New York.

Dec. 25—Charles Gray and Fred Reichert fought for \$150. Gray won in 29 r. in 1h. 30m. Newark, N. J.

Dec. 27—Jack Reigenhausen and Charley Gilson fought for \$300. Reigenhausen won in 20 r. in 2h. 3m., at Sharon, Pa.

Dec. 28—Joe Coburn had a benefit in Madison Square Garden and wound up with John L. Sullivan, New York City.

THE PRIZE RING.

Jem Mace's Triumphant Progress Across the Continent.

The great sensation of the sporting season is the triumphal progress of Mace and his Maori, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, Slade, across the continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic. At every station along the railroad route the famous champion of the ring received an ovation and the excitement grew as the distinguished party moved east. There was an immense delegation from New York awaiting Mace and the young Australian giant at Chicago for two or three days, including the official party selected by Richard K. Fox to represent him in the reception of the two heroes from the antipodes.

This addition to the city's population made things very merry there and while the lads waited for the big guns to arrive they stirred up things considerably. It was very cold in Chicago during these days of delay but the fresh pugilistic element injected into the circulation of the town made it red-hot, notwithstanding the meteorological phenomena of frigidity. Jim Elliott was aroused and was mainly instrumental in starting the below-zero thermometer rushing, rushing up to fever heat despite icy surroundings. He boldly announced that he was anxious to fight anybody, with a preference for Sullivan or Slade. This stirred up the fighting faction to retaliatory remarks and rumors of thumpings and sloggings prevailed all around the circle. The outsiders looked on with astonishment at these signs of incipient war and held their breath in terror lest there might be a general outbreak among the fighting factions. The cauldron bubbled and seethed and foamed and the fire glowed until things were at a white heat but there was no boiling over after all and nobody got slogged. Paddy Ryan was all himself in the midst of the turmoil and proudly paraded his protegee, a young giant named George Barnes, who hails from Nebraska and whom Paddy Ryan is willing to set up against any man in the world either with or without the gloves. He was born, he says, in Ohio, but raised in wild Nebraska. He is, indeed, an admirable specimen of fully developed manhood, and impressed us very favorably on personal inspection. He stands 6 feet 5 inches in height, weighs 230 pounds, measures 43 inches across the chest, is a clever sparrer, and in many trials with the best in the territories, has proven that he possesses pluck in an eminent degree. The opinion of the POLICE GAZETTE of this new luminary, Barnes, is a good one. He intends visiting New York, and says, if Richard K. Fox will back him, he will fight any man in the world.

Mace and Slade arrived in Chicago on Thursday, Jan. 24, and were enthusiastically received at the Sherman House. At noon they visited Parson Davies' establishment on Randolph street, and had an informal but enthusiastic reception from the local sports. Slade was of course, the chief attraction, and the knowing ones, after critically examining his points, pronounced him a fine specimen. Elliott watched him closely, as a probable competitor for wealth and prize ring honors, pronouncing the half-breed, "a good one" after the inspection. Slade certainly looks as though he might lay out the work for the best of them. He is 23 years old, 6 feet 2 inches tall, and weighs 225 lbs. His muscles are splendidly developed, the lower limbs showing as good development as the arms and chest. His hand is a menace to life—large and sinewy, with a grip like a vise. His features are rather broad and heavy, with dark hair and eyes. He is undemonstrative in his manner, but pleasant and apparently full of good nature, with none of the braggadocio about him.

He has been handling himself under the care of Mace, who is regarded as about the best boxer living, and under such a tutor he will probably make as good a fight as his fine appearance would indicate. Concerning the report that he was knocked out in a sparring match with a San Francisco amateur named Robinson, Slade says he did not try to worst Robinson, because he was requested by some of the latter's friends to "let him down easy."

The same evening the party left for New York where the boys were eagerly awaiting them, but Mace took time, before leaving, to make a friendly call on Paddy Ryan and his old friend Mike McDonald, and at both places there were grand festivities you may well believe.

Elliott had many bad words to say for his enemies. Among others he adverted to Jerry Dunn, of Chicago. After giving his opinion of Harry Hill, he went on in this strain to the reporters in the course of the festivities:

"As for Jerry Dunn, I did not notice or speak to him when he came into Davies' saloon on Sunday night, and as for fighting, I never saw a man in my life that I won't fight with fists. I want to say that I am ready to fight Slade for \$2,500 a side, and as for Paddy Ryan's man, George Barnes, I will bet \$2,500 to \$2,000 that I will lick him with naked fists, one hundred miles from Kansas City, within sixty days of fighting articles. I prefer, however, to fight Slade first. I will also fight Jem Mace with small soft gloves, the winner to take the receipts of the house, and I have coin and backers to make good any or all of these challenges. I will take Richard K. Fox, Slade's backer, Billy McCoy, of 91 South street, New York, or Mike McDonald as stakeholder in any of these fights."

Jerry Dunn, when he heard of Elliott's remarks, appeared on the scene with his friends, breathing defiance and declaring that he intended to issue a challenge to Elliott and force him into a fight or lower his colors and change his tone of talk. The visit of Mace to Chicago seems to have stirred up the fighting element so thoroughly that we may expect several matches in the ring to result between the prominent local "pugs." Doubtless New York will be affected in the same way. The mysterious influence of the POLICE GAZETTE is at work again, you bet. It takes us to make things interesting—now doesn't it?

Leaving Chicago in this flaming state of excitement, Mace, the Maori and the POLICE GAZETTE representative with the choice delegation of New York sports, among whom there loomed out prominently the urbane sport Billy McCoy, of 91 South street, continued their triumphal progress, receiving ovations at the stopping places along the route, and carrying with them the excitement and enthusiasm which had begun since they set foot on shore on the Pacific coast. They are here now and we are happy, for the enthusiasm they have started is rolling across the continent between the two oceans. Now we have the matter well in hand, look out—the fun is going to begin in earnest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

POSTMASTERS, TAKE NOTICE.

Postmasters or others residing in the State of Texas and elsewhere throughout the United States, will find it financially to their interest to raise clubs in their respective localities for the POLICE GAZETTE. A liberal discount will be paid to all postmasters for each subscription forwarded to us. And for each club of ten, a free copy in addition to the commission will be sent. Sample copies for distribution sent on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

S. H., St. Louis, Mo.—No.

H. B., Port Huron, Mich.—Yes.

W. T. R., Burlington, N. J.—Yes.

J. E. Mc., Kearney, Neb.—Jew and Jewess.

J. L., Fall River, Mass.—He was born in England.

G. K., Minnesota.—There is no such book published.

H. J. B., Hannibal, N. Y.—Pugilists train different ways.

H. F., North Long Branch, N. J.—Yes, if he was able to do so.

A READER, La Crosse, Wis.—We have not Madame Dupree's address.

A. M. D., South Chicago, Ill.—A. loses, they never fought; B. is correct.

E. M. H., Sigourney, Iowa.—The Goodyear Rubber Co., Broadway, N. Y.

R. G., Evansville, Ind.—We do not know the amount the subscription realized.

M. J. L., Glen Carbon, Pa.—1. We have no such book. 2. He is a Catholic.

R. D., Trenton, N. J.—Yes, Paddy Ryan kept a saloon in Chatham Square in 1880.

T. J. M., Hartford, Conn.—1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Joe Coburn stands 5ft. 9in. in height.

D. S., Peoria, Ill.—Billy Madden was on a trip to Paris when we last heard from him.

J. J. Stoughton, Wis.—There is only one street between Grand and Canal street—Hester street.

A READER OF THE POLICE GAZETTE.—Currier & Ives, Nassau st., near Ann st., can supply you.

C. C. C., Peru, Ind.—Yes, he can be arrested and made serve out the time he enlisted for and punished.

M. H., Buffalo, N. Y.—Dick Hollywood, the feather-weight champion pugilist, is now living at Staten Island, N. Y.

N. E. W., Mount Holly.—We cannot entertain your proposition. There are hundreds of pedestrians who can walk 6 miles in 50m.

POLICE GAZETTE READER, Evansville, Ind.—Send for the "Life of John L. Sullivan," published at this office, price 30 cents. 2. Send on the picture and sketch.

M. A. J., New Orleans, La.—It was John C. Heenan's brother that died June 11, 1863, at Philadelphia, having been shot on June 11, 1863. 2. John C. Heenan died at Green Mountain Station, Wyoming Territory, Oct. 23, 1873.

W. D., Houston, Texas.—The actor playing at present under the name Joe Jefferson is the original of that name. He comes from a family of actors and is the only Joe of that family who achieved distinction on the boards.

H. W. M., Watertown, N. Y.—The "Passion Play" was presented in San Francisco and then put in rehearsal at Booth's Theatre a couple of years ago under the management of Mr. Abbey. The management had gone to great expense in providing scenery and costumes but at the last moment weakened under the pressure of public opinion and withdrew it. There never was a "Passion Play" presented in New York. The nearest to it was the drama, "Joseph and His Brethren," at Barnum's old museum twenty-five or thirty years ago. That was very successful.

J. McC., Ann Arbor, Mich.—John C. Heenan was born at West Troy, May 2 1831; died Oct. 25, 1873. 2. Billy Edwards' battles: fought Sam Collier for \$1,000 a side Aug. 24, 1883, at Cherry Point on the Virginia shore of the Potomac. Edwards won in 47 rounds, 1h. and 11m.; fought Sam Collier again for \$1,000 a side at Mystic Island, N. Y., March 2, 1870. Edwards won in 40 rounds, 47m.; fought Tim Collins for \$1,500 a side at East New York, L. I., May 25, 1871, when after mugging for 2h. and 15m., during which 95 rounds were got through, darkness compelled a cessation of hostilities. The referee ordered them to meet again next day but both were arrested; fought Arthur Chambers for \$1,000 a side at Squirrel Island, Canada, Sept. 4, 1872. Chambers was declared the winner on an alleged foul in 26 rounds, 1h. 35m.; fought W. Hutchin, alias Fawcett, for \$250 at Manchester, Eng., March 11, 1873. Edwards won in 45 rounds, 1h. 45m.; fought Sam Collier for \$2,000 and the championship at Mill Creek, W. Va., Aug. 11, 1874. Edwards won in 11 rounds, occupying 24 minutes.

H. W., Louisville, Ky.—Jim, better known as Australian, Kelly, was born in Ireland on Dec. 25, 1831. 2. He stood 5ft. 8 1/2 in. in height and weighed 147 lbs. He was raised at Newcastle, Eng. 3. Yes, he was matched to fight Joe Coburn. Kelly having seen John Morrissey and Bob McLaren, George Thompson, fight in California, sided with Morrissey. At the time Kelly arrived in New York John C. Heenan's friends had a notion that Kelly ought to side with Heenan and they decided to match Joe Coburn against Kelly. A match was soon made, Kelly having challenged Coburn, and the final adjustment of the fight was arranged to take place in the same ring where Morrissey and Heenan fought. \$200 a side were put up and all seemed safe for a rattling mill. About this time Coburn met with an accident and the match was declared off, the money drawn, etc. Another match was subsequently proposed and \$50 a side put up by the same parties as a forfeit in case of not making a match. On the day appointed Kelly and Coburn twiddled their thumbs at two very different places during the hour appointed for meeting. The stakeholder not seeing Coburn at the place that he as well as Kelly understood to be the meeting ground handed the \$50 forfeit to Kelly, Jan. 15, 1880. Coburn sued the stakeholder and "plumped" him for another \$50, alleging that he went to the place he understood as appointed.

A Champion of Ireland.

We give this week a very good likeness of one of the most successful 'cyclers of the day—William M. Woodside—who was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 30, 1860, but shortly afterward his father retired from business and purchased an estate in the north of Ireland, where the subject of this sketch resided until 1878, when he returned to his native country. His first appearance on the racing track was at the Elizabeth A. C. sports, Elizabeth, N. J., July 10, 1880, where he easily won the 2 mile handicap. Since that date he has been most successful, winning prizes at the following races, viz.:

Elizabeth A. C. sports, Elizabeth, N. J., Sept. 20, '81, 2 mile handicap; Jersey City A. C. sports, Jersey City, Oct. 9, 1880, 2 mile handicap; Short Hills A. C. sports, Polo grounds, New York, Nov. 1, '80, 1 mile handicap and 2 mile scratch; N. Y. A. C. sports, Madison Square Garden, March 14 and 15, 1881, 2 mile handicap and 5 mile handicap; Staten Island A. C. sports, Staten Island, April, 1881, 2 mile scratch; Elizabeth A. C. sports, Elizabeth, N. J., May, 1881, 1 mile scratch; Boston Athletic Association sports, Beacon Park, Boston, May 23, 1881, 1 mile and 2 mile scratch; Elizabeth A. C. sports, Elizabeth, N. J., June 30, 1881, 1 mile scratch; Boston Common, July 4, 1881, ½ mile, 1 mile and 2 mile scratch; Waverly, N. J., Aug., 1881, 1 mile scratch; Morristown, N. J., Aug. 30, 1881, ½ mile scratch; Attleboro, Mass., Sept. 10, 1881, 1 mile and 5 mile scratch; Waverly, N. J., Sept. 21, 1881, ½ mile and 2 mile scratch and 2 mile handicap; American A. C. sports, Polo grounds, New York, Oct., 1881, 2 mile scratch; L. A. W. championship meeting, Polo grounds, New York, Oct. 6, 1881, 1 mile championship of America, 2d, 2 mile, 3d, 5 mile scratch; Schuylkill navy games, Stenton, Pa., Oct. 8, 1881, 3 mile scratch.

In December, 1881, Mr. Woodside took a trip to Ireland and appeared on the racing patch there at the Ulster C. C. sports, Belfast, April, 1882, winning three prizes, 1, 2 and 3 miles handicaps. He continued to be as successful as in America and won valuable prizes in the following races:

Templepatrick A. C. sports, May, 1882, 2 and 4 mile handicaps; Dublin A. C. sports, May, 1882, 1 mile and 5 mile handicaps; Queen's College, Belfast, A. C. sports, 3 mile scratch, 2 and 5 mile handicaps.

Mr. Woodside then crossed to England where he won the following races: Bristol, June 17, 1882, 5 mile handicap, time 15m. 27s.; Huddersfield, Eng., June 24, 1882, 1 mile scratch and 2 mile handicap. He then returned to Ireland and pursued his successful career as follows:

Ballymena A. C. sports, Aug., 1882, 1 mile, 2 mile and 4 mile handicaps, also a magnificent challenge prize presented by Lord Waveney to the most successful competitor; Durgannon A. C. sports, Aug., 1882, 2 and 3 mile handicaps; Banbridge A. C. sports, Aug., 1882, 2 and 4 mile handicaps; North of Ireland C. C. sports, Belfast, Aug., 1882, 1, 2 and 3 mile scratch, 1 and 3 mile handicaps; Lurgan A. C. sports, Sept., 1882, 2 and 4 mile handicaps; Dublin, Sept., 1882, 10 mile handicap. He finished his career in Ireland Sept., 1882, by taking second place in the 1 and 4 mile championships of Ireland and first in the 10 and 50 mile championships. The 50 miles cham-



DAISY DALV,

THE CHAMPION FEMALE BOXER FROM CALIFORNIA.

[Photo. by John Wood, POLICE GAZETTE Photographer.]

pionship was run on the road up and down hill. In the first hour he was making fast time and was far ahead of the record, when the tire of his hind wheel came off and he was obliged to run a mile with the bicycle before he found some one who would loan him a machine. By this time he was nearly 3 miles behind the leader but he soon made up the lost distance and won the race by one-half a mile. At the last 5 miles it was so dark that he had to ride behind a carriage in order to keep on the road. Rain had fallen all the morning and the mud was six inches deep in places. While abroad he built a 7-lap cinder track on his grounds for practicing. It took him two months to complete it and when finished he was able to make his mile in 3m. 12s. in practice. While in Ireland he rode against C. D. Vesey, the long-distance champion of England, five times and beat him every time. The first race with that rider was a 3 mile scratch. The second was a 2 mile handicap with Vesey at 100 yards, which Woodside won from scratch. In a 5 mile race Vesey had a handicap of 350 yards, which Woodside also won. In a 2 mile race Vesey received 70 yards' start but was defeated and the last one was a 4 mile race, Vesey having 100 yards, Woodside being again the victor. He returned to America on the 3d of December, 1882. Mr. Woodside is 6ft. ½ in. in height and weighs when in condition 150 lbs. He has competed in 67 races, winning 60 prizes, the majority being firsts and being unplaced in but 7 races. His best times are as follows: 1 mile, 2m. 58s.; 2 miles, 6m. 10s.; 3 miles, 9m. 15s.; 4 miles, 12m. 30s.; 5 miles, 15m. 27s.; 10 miles, 34m. 4s.; 18 miles, 1 hour.

Another Maniac Husband.

The village of Richfield Springs, New York, is in the fashion. It has a full-fledged horror on its record. It occurred on Jan. 19, when a husband murdered his wife and her aged mother and hanged himself. Harvey Layton, the murderer, was 65 years old, worth \$10,000, and owned 130 acres of land near the village. He was married to Melissa Young, aged 40, his second wife, a few months ago, and her mother, Mrs. Young, aged 70, and an invalid, lived with them. A short time ago, Mrs. Layton was awakened by her husband choking her, but when questioned he said he was dreaming. His physician warned his relatives that he was liable to do harm to some one if not restrained. Ordinarily he was jolly and active, but seemed to have a dislike to his wife's relatives, who called occasionally to see Mrs. Young. On Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8 p. m., Mrs. Layton's sister called and left some money. No unusual action on Layton's part was noticed. A light was seen in the house at 10 p. m. About 5 p. m. Friday, W. S. Brunkhart, a son-in-law, came in from the country and found the doors locked. He forced the door and found Mrs. Young with her temple crushed, cold and dead. The bodies were laid out as if by an undertaker, their limbs tied and hands crossed over their breasts. The faces and bodies had been washed carefully with a cloth, which was found in a washbasin. Late that afternoon a hatchet that fitted in the wounds was found carefully washed. Both necks showed signs of choking, Layton was found hanging and with his knees bent on the cellar floor.



WILLIAM M. WOODSIDE,

CHAMPION BICYCLE RACER OF IRELAND.



JOHN L. GROVE,

OF OTTAWA, ILL., A TRAINER OF FAMOUS TROTTERS.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

A Jackass at a Ball.

The hamfatters who have worked the sucker fisheries with the bait of that religious nigger, Uncle Tom, have found it necessary to make a jackass the star of each of their troupes to make the business go, and the man who owns the trained jackass is tyrant of the troupe since he can burst the show whenever he decides to withdraw his four footed star. One of these companies after playing out the Atlantic has taken to the Pacific Coast. The jackass of this company is a Californian with mullish tendencies. When he can't pick a quarrel with the manager he is sure to get into



JAMES M. LOWERY,

CHIEF OF POLICE, OF DENVER, COLO.

some scrape with someone else, for he and the jackass are inseparable and a scrape for one means a scrape for the other. They are brothers, going everywhere together—even to the bar-rooms where the animal drinks its beer with its master, Charley Moore, "like a thoroughbred." Moore always takes a courtesy extended to him to include his four footed friend of course; so, three weeks ago when he was invited to a ball at Los Angeles he thought, of course, the trained jackass was included and that it would be a good thing to show off the trained animal's Terpsichorean attainments. He was a little drunk when they arrived at the scene of the festivities and he and the jackass forced their way into the ball. The result was a riot, the impounding of



SHE TALKED TURKEY.

HOW A NEWARK, N. J., LANDLADY PUNISHED A BOARDER WHO PRESUMED TO CRITICISE THE VENERABLE TURKEY ON HER BILL OF FARE.

the animal, the arrest of the owner and the spoiling of a season's business to the company of which they were the attractions. The Uncle Tommers are walking home and the jackass

has gone out of the profession and now drags a coal cart while its master languishes in jail, grieving for the loss of his fatal companion and most appropriate "chum."

At Lloyd's Station, Fla., on January 4, two young men, Richard Kilpatrick and William Long, had a dispute about some real estate and settled it with knives. Both men were killed.

James M. Lowery.

The subject of this sketch was born in the city of St. Augustine, Florida, on the 10th of June, 1842, from which place he removed to Mobile, Ala., and from there to New York in 1850, where he received a common school education. He has relatives now residing in the city of Brooklyn and on Long Island. He served through the war under Stonewall Jackson in the Army of Northern Virginia, was at all the principal battles in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, was a prisoner in Fort McHenry, being taken at the battle of Antietam. After the close of the war he returned to Mobile, Ala., and took



MARSH T. POLK,

DEFAULTING STATE TREASURER OF TENNESSEE.

an active part in politics. He was appointed clerk of the Circuit Court of Mobile in 1869 and served five years, and while clerk of court was elected as one of the Common Council of the City government, also a member of the school Board and in 1872 was nominated on the republican ticket for mayor and was defeated. He then removed to Denver, Colorado, where he entered the practice of law until Dec. 15th, 1881, when he was appointed Chief of Police of Denver, which office he now holds.



A JACKASS AT A BALL.

THE TRAINED STAR OF AN UNCLE TOM TROUPE TAKES PART IN A FESTIVE OCCASION AT LOS ANGELES AND PRESCRIBES THE TERPSICHOREAN STYLE.

SPORTING NEWS.

IMPORTANT TO READERS.

Be sure to ask your News Dealer for the

POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

There is only one POLICE GAZETTE, and it is published by RICHARD K. FOX, at the new POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, Franklin Square and Dover street. Our townsmen and steadily increasing success.

HAS INSPIRED IMITATION

on the part of numerous feeble and unscrupulous publishing houses, and the public will do well to see that they are not imposed on by any of these parasites who hope to live upon our reputation.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

THE proposed 26 hour race between Frank Hart and John Hughes is off.

GEORGE GAISEL, of the Metropolitan boat club, has turned out to be a crack bicycle rider.

MR. SWIGERT, the well-known turfman, has given the name of Elmendorf to his stud-farm in Kentucky.

PALMBEAKER, who ran second to Sir Bevis for the Derby of 1879, has been sold to New Zealand parties.

The next regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen will probably be held at Newark, N. J.

JAMES KELLY, of No. 231 19th street, Denver, Colo., has named his sporting house the "Police Gazette Races."

THE bowling matches at the Golden Oar under the management of James Pilkington are creating a furore at Harlem, N. Y.

WE have received a copy of Goodwin Bros.' "Annual Turf Guide," which is a very useful and handy book for sporting men.

J. W. RABY and Arthur Hancock have been matched to walk two hours for \$500 at Little Bridge grounds, London, Eng., on Feb. 5.

FRED HILL, the Australian steeple-chase rider, was arrested for riding a horse through the bar of the Australian Hotel, at Waga.

ARMSTRONG, of Romeo, Mich., writes to Richard K. Fox that he will back Kittenman, of Harper, Kansas, to run any man in the world.

"SPRINGHEEL" Dick Goodwin, the pugilist, who is living in Cincinnati, Ohio, broke his collar bone on Jan. 15th by a fall on the street.

JIM CARNEY, the pugilist, well known in New York, has assumed proprietorship of the Highland Laddie, a sporting house on Tower st., Birmingham, England.

GEO. BUCKINS offers \$10 for a second 125 yards foot handicap at the Girard cricket grounds, Philadelphia, Feb. 17 and 21. There will also be a 410 yards handicap race each day.

HOMER LANE, the ex-champion collar-and-shoulder wrestler of America, and James D. McDonald the champion of the Pacific slope, are giving wrestling exhibitions at Leadville, Colo.

JIM MURRAY, of New York, is dissatisfied with his late glove encounter with Frazer at the Crib Club in Boston, and is anxious to meet him again for a purse with the gloves or bare knuckles.

GEORGE BUBAR offers to row R. W. Boyd for \$500 or \$1,000 a side in April next, giving or taking \$100 expenses to row on the Thames or Tees, also to row John Langan for \$1,000 a side any time within six months.

CLAPP and Lynch, the well known catcher and pitcher of the Metropolitans, have recently entered into a business partnership and their many friends can find them at the Club, 1399 Third avenue, this city.

PIERRE LORILLARD has entered Iroquois, Sachem, Aranza and Pinalore for the Lincoln handicap, to be run on March 28th in England. The American horse Wallenstein has been entered for the same race by Lord Ellesmere.

BILL RICHARDSON, the noted boniface of the Blue Anchor, Sherditch, the most successful backer of pugilists living, is in this city. Richardson has backed Tom Sayers, Jem Mace, Tom King and other kings of the arena.

PAT PERRY, the 13th champion pugilist of England, will shortly arrive in this city. On his arrival he will accept the standing challenge of Charley Norton to fight for \$1,000 and the light-weight championship of America.

THE Knickerbocker canoe club of New York have elected the following officers for 1883: commodore, Adolph Lowenthal; vice commodore, W. S. Allen; secretary, an treasurer, E. A. Hoffman, Jr.; measurer, Floyd Platt.

E. F. MALLAHAN, formerly partner with the late Wm. H. Borst, of the Athambra Theatre, has opened a sporting house at No. 425 Sixth avenue, corner of 26th street, New York city, where he will be glad to see all his friends.

THE Prince of Wales has nominated the American race horse Iroquois for the Stockbridge Cup, valued at \$1,500, to be run on June 21, in England. Iroquois will be penalized to carry 112 lbs. The distance is three fourths of a mile.

THE John L. Sullivan combination gave an exhibition in Buffalo, on Jan. 20, before an enthusiastic audience of 2,000 persons. The win-up, which was between Sullivan and Joe Coburn, was of a lively nature and created great excitement.

WM. CAHILL, of Lawrence, has issued a challenge to wrestle, Lancashire style, any amateur in Lawrence weighing not over 120 pounds, for a purse of from \$50 to \$200 a side. He further offers O'Neil and Welch a margin of ten pounds extra.

A PACING match has resulted from the challenge of Pat Dickerson of Mount Vernon, Ind., to pit his four year old Pocahontas against any other in the state for \$500 a side. The acceptor is Thomas Foster of Columbus, who backs his filly, Stella Foster. The match will be decided at the former place about May 20.

THE POLICE GAZETTE medal for middle-weight boxers, will be contested for at Arthur Chambers' Champion's Rest, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Monday, February 26th. It will be open to all middle-weight pugilists in the State of Pennsylvania.

MR. H. A. MONTGOMERY, president of the Memphis Jockey club, has purchased Monarch, 3 weeks old, by Monarchist out of Kith, by imported Australian, and the promising two-year-old, Lord Raglan, by Ten Brock out of Catina, by imported Australian.

THE Alexander brothers of Providence, R. I., owners of the Yellow Dock stables of trotters, have purchased from Andrew Coleman of Springfield, O., a pacer that, it is reported, has paced a mile on a half mile track in 2:11 and trotted a mile on the same track in 2:21.

A PRIZE fight took place near Nottingham, England, on Jan. 5, between Jemmy Rawlins, of Hull, and Joe Stubbs, of Nottingham, for \$250. Rullins was outfought from the commencement, and after contending for eight rounds the sponge was elevated by his second in token of defeat.

A NOTED sporting man of this city will match Daddy, the champion 29lb fighting dog of New York, to fight the Kansas City dog at 29lbs. for \$1,000 a side and give or take \$100 for expenses to fight either in New York or Kansas City. THE POLICE GAZETTE to be stakeholder and name the referee.

THE Forest City bicycle club of Ontario recently elected the following officers: president, Geo. Burns; secretary, Wm. Kenyalsides; captain, Robert Burns; first lieutenant, Robert Beg; second lieutenant, Mr. Wallace; ouglers, Messrs. Digman and Cameron. The club has a membership of 43.

ROBERT TURNBULL, of Brooklyn, who defeated Al Schaulenbach at Flushing Bay last summer, has returned to this city from Philadelphia, where he has completed a most successful sparring engagement at John H. Clark's Olympic Theatre. He expects to take a benefit in Brooklyn on Feb. 3.

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed for a great inter-State canine dispute between the famous fighting dogs Jingo, of Philadelphia, and Farmer, of Boston. The dogs are to fight within 100 miles of New York, in four weeks, at 35 lbs. for \$5,000 a side. A well-known sporting man of this city will be final stakeholder.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: Donald Dinnie, John H. Clark, Jem Mace (2), E. L. Lear, Frank Rose, Joe Coburn (2), John Leary, E. M. Hackett, Paddy Ryan, Wm. Muldoon, Dick Yarwood, R. Toner, Dick Garvin, John L. Sullivan (3), Wm. McLafferty, Miss Lizzie Sprague, formerly of Denver, Colo.

JEM GOODE, the distinguished and respected boxer, who has fought so many good battles, and who played such a prominent part in Wm. Madden's championship of England boxing competition, will be tendered a complimentary benefit at the Royal Forester's Music Hall, on Jan. 31, on which occasion he will be supported by the elite of the profession.

WILLIAM MITCHELL, the winner of the late glove tournament for the championship of England, promoted by Billy Madden, of New York, has entered into an agreement with the latter to come to America. Mitchell is a clever boxer, and weighs in condition 113 pounds. He should, on his arrival, have little difficulty in finding a match among our clever mid-weights.

THE following sporting men called at the new offices of the POLICE GAZETTE during the week: Duncan C. Ross, Harry M. Herber, Herman C. Weisner, Frank Stevenson, Michael Donohue, Jim Smith, Tom McAlpine, Gus Lambert, Paddy McDermott, Wm. F. McCoy, Harry Martin, John S. Prince, Prof. Fred S. Robinson, George D. Noremac, Jim Patterson.

PADDY RYAN, who was defeated by John L. Sullivan, sent a dispatch to his partner in Chicago, on Jan. 18, in which he says, "I have with me the coming man, the Nebraska Giant, who, in my opinion can down Sullivan, Slade, or anybody. Will match him against any man in the world. Weight 265 pounds, age 24 years, height 6 feet 4 inches. He is active, and as clever as anybody."

THE following has been sent to the POLICE GAZETTE and it explains itself: Ben Nussbaum, of the Richmond Hooks, Pueblo, is hereby notified that J. A. Pardee of Denver will be backed to the amount of from \$100 to \$250 by James Kelly of the "Police Gazette Rules," 231 19th street, for a race of 50 yards, 10 yards score, the race to take place in Denver within ten days from signing articles.

JIM GOODE, the coming champion pugilist of England, has deposited \$50 with the Sporting Life, London, as a means of bringing about a glove fight between himself, Bat Mullins, Dick Roberts and Charley Mitchell for a \$250 cup. He has put up \$25 in acceptance of a challenge from Tompkins Gilbert to any of the men who took part in the late competition. Bat Mullins has covered the \$50 deposit.

THE Atlantic boat club of New York have elected the following officers: president, M. V. B. Smith; vice presidents, Eugene H. Pomeroy and Franklin Acker; secretary, John E. Eustis; treasurer, W. C. Dasher; financial secretary, A. P. Norman; captain, J. A. R. Dunning; lieutenant, B. F. Barnes; log keeper, C. A. Allen; trustees, R. Parker, Jr., E. D. Neustadt, N. Greenfield, W. H. Rutty and W. H. Wagsstaff.

CHARLES E. DAVIES, of Chicago, Ill., writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that John L. Sullivan did make a verbal contract to travel under his management. He also says he has received a letter from Sullivan dated Jan. 9, in which the latter regrets that other arrangements which he had partially made previously to leaving New York, and which he was in duty bound to fulfill, would prevent him at the present time from carrying out his contract.

STRONG efforts will, it is expected, be made by the Passaic River Amateur Rowing Association to have a national regatta for 1883, to take place on the Passaic River. The second meeting to discuss the matter was held in Newark on Jan. 12, and although a full expression of the sentiments of the association could not be obtained on account of the Mystic Club not being officially spoken for, the other representatives were unanimously in favor of the project. They estimate that the total expenses will be about \$2,300, which amount they say they can easily cover.

Tom Sayers' battles illustrated by rounds in the grand pictorial supplement to be given away with No. 255 of the POLICE GAZETTE.

JAMES DOYLE, of Bridgefoot street, Dublin, on Dec. 31 accomplished a wonderful feat. In the presence of a number of spectators he attempted to throw a stone over the Wellington monument in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. Few persons thought he would succeed but after a few trials he did, amid the cheers of the crowd, propelling the stone over the high structure. The feat is a wonderful one, as the monument is one of the highest in the country.

TOM MCALPINE, who fought McGlory in the same ring that Dooney Harris and Tommy Chandler fought for \$5,000 and the middle weight championship in 1867, says in regard to Chandler's opinion of Slade, he is not competent to form an opinion of the relative merits of the men because he has never seen Sullivan perform and it is well known that he is pre-judiced against Englishmen since Billy Edwards' bested him in San Francisco some years ago.

THE following clubs are competing in the Pilkington and Nagle championship bowling tournament which is now in progress at the Golden Oar, 2,370 Third avenue, viz: Bachelor bowling club of Harlem, Mutual bowling club of Harlem, Knickerbocker bowling club of Mott Haven, Mill Rock bowling club of Yorkville, Harlem bowling club of Harlem, Pastime bowling club of Harlem, Amateur bowling club of Harlem, Merry Circle bowling club of Harlem, and Metropolitan bowling club of Harlem.

THE New Louisiana Jockey club, which is an organization distinct from that controlled by Mr. Engeman, will hold a six days' meeting at New Orleans, commencing Saturday, March 31. The stakes open to close February 15, are the Pickwick for three-year-olds, 1 mile and a quarter; the Withers, for two-year-olds, half a mile; the Bush, for all ages, with selling allowances, mile heats; the Walker, for all ages, one mile and a quarter; the Boston club, for two-year-olds, five furlongs; the Howard cup, for all ages, two miles and a quarter, and the Cottrill, for three-year-olds, one mile and a half.

G. M. ROBINSON, the champion boxer of San Francisco Olympic Club, is an accomplished pugilist. He stands 6 feet 1 inch in height, and weighs, when in condition, 150 pounds. His chest measures 43½ inches, his biceps 13½, his forearm 12½, his thigh 22½, and his calf 14½. On one occasion Robinson put up a 100 pound dumb-bell twenty times, and again a 50 pound dumb-bell fifty-eight times. He was defeated once by G. W. Roche, who raised a 25 pound dumb-bell 450 times to Robinson's 427. In September, 1876, he raised the heavy dumb bell, weighing 201 pounds 8 ounces, and held it up for eight seconds. He is a fine pedestrian. Con Mooney, of San Francisco, says he believes Robinson can stand up before any pugilist living.

A billiard tournament has been arranged to take place in Chicago, beginning on March 26. Four prizes will be given, amounting to \$3,000. The game will be the same as the champions' game at which Slosson is now the champion, except that the ball line will extend entirely around the table between 7 and 8 inches from the cushion. The exact distance will be determined at a meeting of the players to be held at the warerooms, No. 724 Broadway at 11 o'clock. There will be eight players. Dion Schaefer, Slosson, Sexton and Daly have already signified their willingness to compete. Vignaux will probably be a competitor. The other players will be known after the result of a preliminary tournament which will also be held in Chicago. The contestants for the coveted places will be Gallagher, Morris Heiser, Newman and some others.

ON Jan. 17, James Haley, the pugilist, of Lowell, Mass., forwarded the following challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE, and C. A. Page, his backer, of the same city, sent on \$25 forfeit to back up the deft. The following is the challenge:

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR: I hereby challenge Michael Scanlon, of Lynn, Mass., or Tim Crowley, of Boston, Mass., to fight me a fair stand up fight with hard gloves, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$100 a side. The fight to take place four weeks from signing articles and within 10 miles of Boston, Mass. Neither man on the day named for fighting to weigh over 120 lbs. This challenge to remain open one week from its publication. To show I mean business, I have forwarded \$25 to Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, hoping that either Crowley or Scanlon will arrange a match.

JAMES HALEY.
If the owner of Pilot is eager to match his dog to fight and means business there is a grand opportunity for him to do so. Wm. Daly, Jr., of Boston, Mass., has forwarded \$100 to the POLICE GAZETTE with the following offer:

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 16, 1883.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR: As there has been some argument in Boston and other cities about the fighting qualities of the dog Ned, of Boston, I wish to state that I will match Ned against Pilot at 27½ lbs. weight for the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) or against any dog in the world at 27½ lbs. for the same amount, or I will match him against Victory's dog Diddy at 28½ lbs. in six weeks, for \$500. Enclosed please find check for \$100 as a forfeit for any of the above matches, first comes first served.

JAMES MCGRATH,
(Care Wm. Daly, Jr., 315 Hanover st.) Boston, Mass.

THE great dog running handicap for the POLICE GAZETTE champion collar will be run at Pastime Park, near Philadelphia, on Monday, Feb. 12, under the management of Arthur Chambers, of the "Champion's Rest," 922 Ridge avenue. In the first contest for the trophy it was won by Annie, belonging to Doc Hoyle (Joe Acton's partner), and a picture of the winner appeared recently in the POLICE GAZETTE. Arthur Chambers challenged the winner for the trophy, and a match was made on Dec. 18, but Annie was killed by a railroad train, however, and the race would have fallen through if Chambers had insisted on claiming the trophy and the stakes—\$50. Finally Alfred Barber, the owner of Maud S., was eager to enter, and Chambers and Barber agreed to run post the balance of the late Annie's stakes and run Maud S. and Let Her Come for the collar. The \$500 was posted and the race will be run. The sweepstakes will be \$300 and the winner will give the owner of Annie the \$50 he posted.

THE contest for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, offered by Richard K. Fox, for the colored heavy-weight championship, took place at Harry Hill's theatre, on Thursday afternoon, January 25th. The competitors were Chas. Hadley, of Bridgeport, and Harry Woodson, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The conditions were four rounds of three minutes each, with one minute rest, Marquis of Queensberry rules. In the first round Woodson surprised Hadley by his clever duck-

ing and straight shoulder hits, and at the end of the round had the best of it, while the second round also ended in Woodson's favor. The third and fourth rounds were desperate slogging matches. The blows sounded like whip snaps. The men hugged one another like bears. At the height of the fighting Woodson shouted "I'll fight no more. Hadley is a gouger!" and gave up the contest. Hadley was thereupon proclaimed the winner of the medal. Woodson showed a good deal of science, and taking into account the fatigue of the journey, and no preparation, he acquitted himself in a very creditable manner. The general opinion is that he is more than a match for Hadley.

THE first of the series of contests for the light-weight championship of Leadville and the gold trophy, donated by Mr. Mike Goldsmith, took place at the Globe Theatre, Jan. 7, in the presence of about 1,000 spectators. There were six entries and the contest was managed according to the Queensberry rules, the aspirants being paired off into three teams, each team to fight four three-minute rounds, with eight seconds time between rounds. Bryan Campbell acted as referee and Ed Foster as time-keeper. Calderwood & Smith opened the matinee, and at the end of the fourth round Smith was carried to his corner. Calderwood won. Gaylor and Flynn next entered the circle, and slugged each other in a lively manner until, at the end of the third round, the sponge ascending from Flynn's corner, announced victory for Gaylor. Rooney and Griffiths closed the exhibition, the former winning in two rounds. Calderwood, Gaylor and Rooney are the victors so far. Next Sunday evening all additional entries will be dispensed of, and on the following Sunday the victors of the two days will tackle each other. It is the opinion of the old sports who witnessed Sunday's slogging, that Gaylor holds a large sized mortgage on that medal.

GEORGE DAVIDSON, of Aberdeen, Scotland, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows:

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR: I have been favored with a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE containing a challenge and offering a wager from Duncan C. Ross. With regard to the challenge, until I hear what is Ross' definition of the absurdly vague term "a heavy-weight competition," any reply would be a case of answering a fool according to his folly. With reference to his wager that no athlete can beat all his records made at the Manhattan Athletic Grounds on Nov. 4, 1882, if the records are for hammer, stone and 56-pound weight throwing, as I have seen stated, and Ross will send a list of the weights, distance, size and weight of hurdles, conditions of contest and nature of ground, all authenticated by the POLICE GAZETTE or the Spirit of the Times to the editor of Bell's Life, in London, or any other gentleman whom you or Wm. B. Curtis may appoint as judge to see a fair trial carried out, I am prepared to match myself for any sum not less than \$125 nor more than \$500 a side, to beat all of Ross' records at any time and place in Great Britain which such judge may decide as being fair for both Ross and myself.

GEORGE DAVIDSON, Aberdeen, Scotland.

THE following are the particulars of the great wrestling match for \$1,000 between John Graham, champion of England, and Clarence Whistler, champion of America, at Louisville, Ky. The styles of wrestling were Graeco Roman and catch-as-catch-can. Shortly after 8 o'clock master of ceremonies Thomas O. Hall introduced R. M. Ramsay as referee. The principals promptly appeared, Whistler wearing red trunks and Graham white, both being stripped above the waist. The Englishman had a slight advantage in weight, being 170 lbs. to the American's 153. The former showed wonderful development of chest, is fleshier and shorter than the western wonder and is some five or six years older. The first bout was catch-as-catch-can. Whistler is evidently Graham's superior in this style of wrestling. He did most of the work, Graham acting pretty much on the defensive. Whistler got his adversary in a tight place several times and his friends were as often ready to claim a fall, but the Englishman's remarkable agility saved him. Finally while squirming upon the floor Whistler succeeded in rolling his man well over on his side, and securing a good hold of Graham's upper arm, laid on him crosswise, and slowly pressed him over on the flat of his back. First fall for Whistler in 13 minutes. The next bout was wrestled on the Graeco-Roman plan. Graham appeared to better advantage, and, after one or two passes, pressed the work. A favorite move of the Englishman was to drop on all fours and allow Whistler, in the same position, to clasp around the waist. Graham would then, quick as a flash, throw his right arm around the other's neck, and, grasping his own right arm with his left hand, squeeze the American's head like a vise, and endeavor to force his head and shoulders to the floor by making him turn a back somersault. Whistler once or twice broke the hold, but several times was obliged to describe a circle in the air, and only saved his colors by a clever turn while so doing. The American seemed worried, and doubtless wished he was wrestling catch-as-catch-can. He so far forgot himself as to catch his opponent by the thigh. Foul was claimed but ignored. Shortly afterward he locked his leg in Graham's while struggling on the floor, and this time the referee awarded the fall to Graham on foul. Time, 17½ minutes. The men tossed for choice of holds for the third and decisive bout. Graham won the toss, and quickly cried: "No Graeco-Roman." Whistler tackled him with determined vim, and made a desperate effort to make short work of him, but all to no purpose. The Englishman took things more coolly, appearing quite fresh, while the younger man panted quite violently. Whistler grew excited, but struggled gamely, and gathering all his strength made a final attempt to down his adversary. The task was too great, and he only succeeded in dislocating his right shoulder, and in a moment or two he was stretched out at length on his back. Graham jumped to his feet, and Whistler rose to a sitting position, nursing the crippled member. The attendants vainly attempted to pull the arm into its socket. Graham then assumed the role of surgeon, and by a well directed and powerful effort, replaced the dislocated shoulder. Time of bout 13½ minutes. The same accident has happened to Whistler several times before. Graham says he has never met a better man. Whistler lost the second bout by losing his head and fouling. Had he not grown excited the result might have been different. Graham pockets the stakes and door-money, the latter amounting to about \$200.

Look out for No. 255 of the POLICE GAZETTE, ready Feb. 27. With it will be given away a superb pictorial supplement, for framing, illustrating the career of Tom Sayers.

W. G. GEORGE will represent the Mosely Harriers of Birmingham in the next race for the English cross country championship.

PROF. PATRICK McDERMOTT, the well known pugilist, has opened a boxing academy where he will teach boxing at 391 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JAMES DAWSON, 823 Calowhill street, Philadelphia, offers prizes of \$100, \$50, \$25 and \$7.50 to be run for in the 11th all United States 135 yard foot handicap, to be decided at Pastime Park on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22. The entrance fee is \$1, acceptance fee the same, entries and acceptances closing respectively Feb. 1 and 15 at address given above.

The wrestling match for \$500 between Duncan C. Ross, the champion athlete, and John McMahon, champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of the world, will take place at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 6. The articles of agreement stipulate that the match be contested until one or the other wins. The men have brilliant records, each having met and defeated the leading wrestlers of the country. In addition to the stakes Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, will offer a valuable gold medal. The medal for the mixed wrestling championship is the property of Ross, he having won it three times. The mixed style of wrestling is very interesting and is the best method of testing the merits of the rival wrestlers.

THE great pictorial quadruple page supplement which Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, intends to present to every purchaser of No. 285 of this paper at a cost of \$5,000 and upwards, represents the last round of every battle Tom Sayers fought, with a complete likeness of Aby Crouch, Dan Collins, Jack Grant, Jack Martin, George Sims, Aaron Jones, Harry Poulson, Tom Paddock, Bill Benjamin, Bob Brett and John C. Heenan. It also contains an illustration of Heenan and Sayers shaking hands in the ring at Farnborough. It is the most costly pictorial supplement ever given away by any newspaper. It will also give a portrait of Richard K. Fox and the POLICE GAZETTE new building.

SOUTHWICK REID, the Scotch broadsword champion, who has for several years traveled through New Zealand and Australia, is now teaching fencing and sword play at Philadelphia. In regard to Herbert A. Stale, the latest pugilistic sensation, Reid says he knew Mace's Maori protegee in New Zealand and that his fame has extended all over Australia. Mr. Reid says: "He has never yet met anyone able to throw him. Running and jumping are also favorite sports with him, and he has some splendid records at them but I never heard of him being of any account as a boxer, in fact, while I was in that part of the world I don't think he ever tried his hand at it. However, Jim Mace ought to know if he's a good one or not and since he has taken the trouble to bring him all the way to the United States you can bet he must be of some account."

We have received a deposit of \$150 from T. C. Johnson of Pittsburg, accompanying a challenge to M. J. Happeney of Ashland, Pa., to run three races, the first race 1/2 mile, the second 1 1/2 miles and the third race 3 miles, for \$750 a side, that is, \$250 a side for each race. The first race to take place 4 weeks after signing articles, the second to take place one week after the first and the third to take place one week after the second. If this proposition is not mutually agreeable Mr. Johnson is willing to make other arrangements, fully set forth in the written challenge which can be seen at the POLICE GAZETTE office. He wants to try conclusion with Mr. Happeney and will be accommodating as to terms. The referee to be selected for all the races that may take place when articles are signed and to be appointed by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, or any man he may select to do so, one week before the first race comes off. If one or more races are agreed upon all the money for each race to be placed in the hands of the said Richard K. Fox, the stakeholder, one week before the first race takes place. The decision of the referee to be final.

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